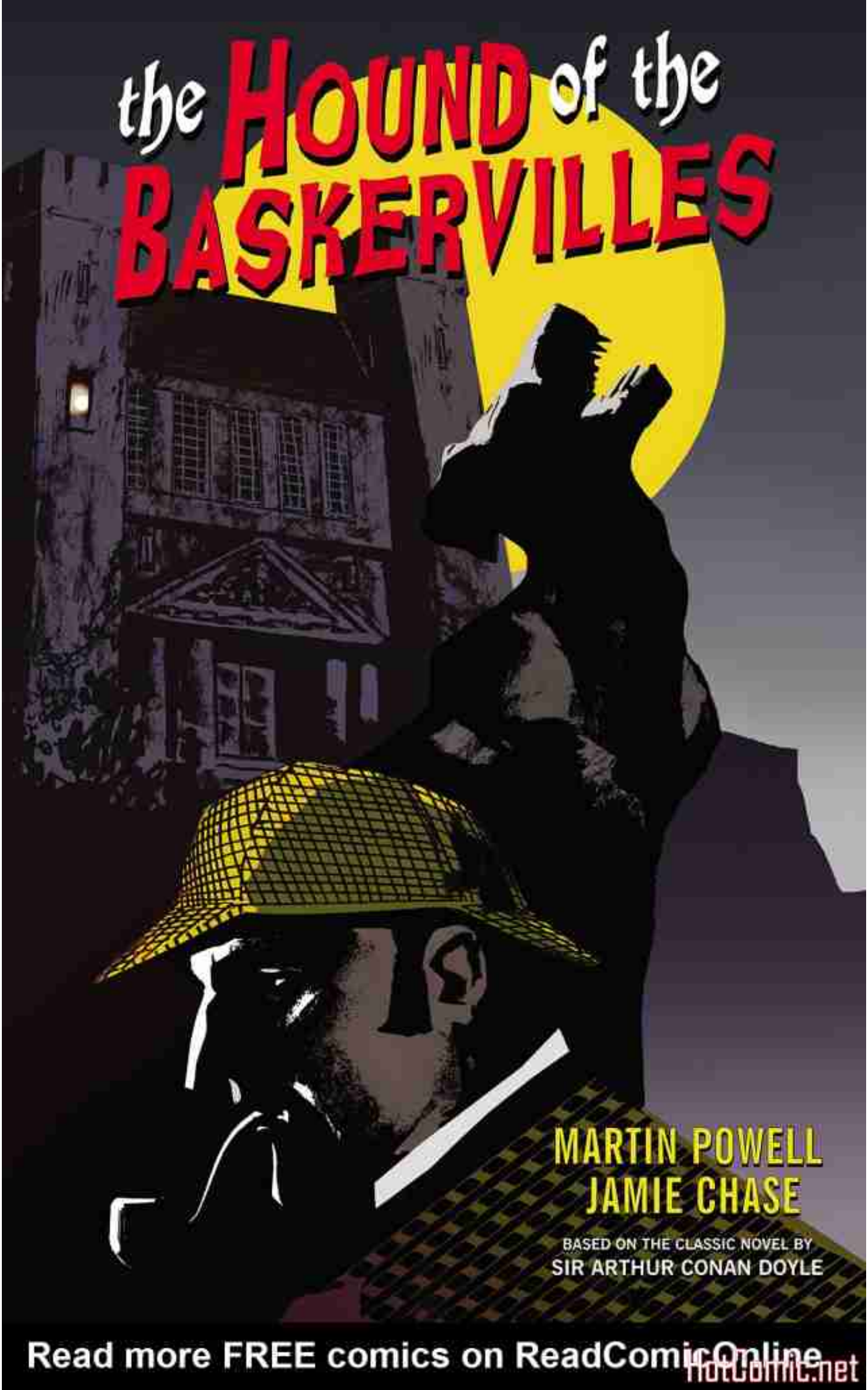

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the HOUND of the BASKERVILLES

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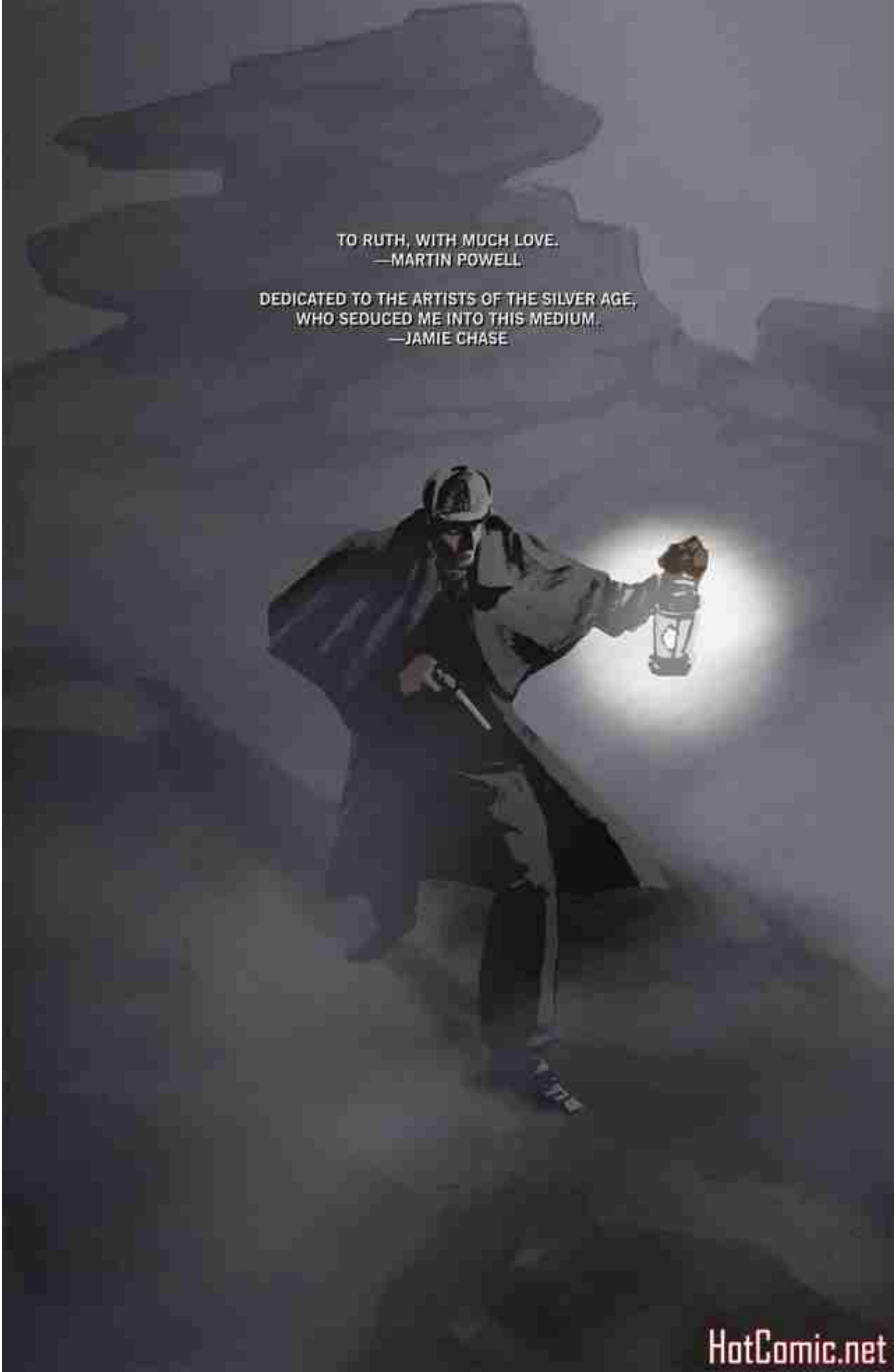
TO RUTH, WITH MUCH LOVE.
—MARTIN POWELL
DEDICATED TO THE ARTISTS OF THE SILVER AGE,
WHO SEDUCED ME INTO THIS MEDIUM.
—JAMIE CHASE

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SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S

the HOUND of the BASKERVILLES

A GRAPHIC NOVEL BY

MARTIN POWELL
JAMIE CHASE

EDITED BY

PATRICK THORPE

CONSULTING EDITOR

MELISSA MARTIN ELLIS

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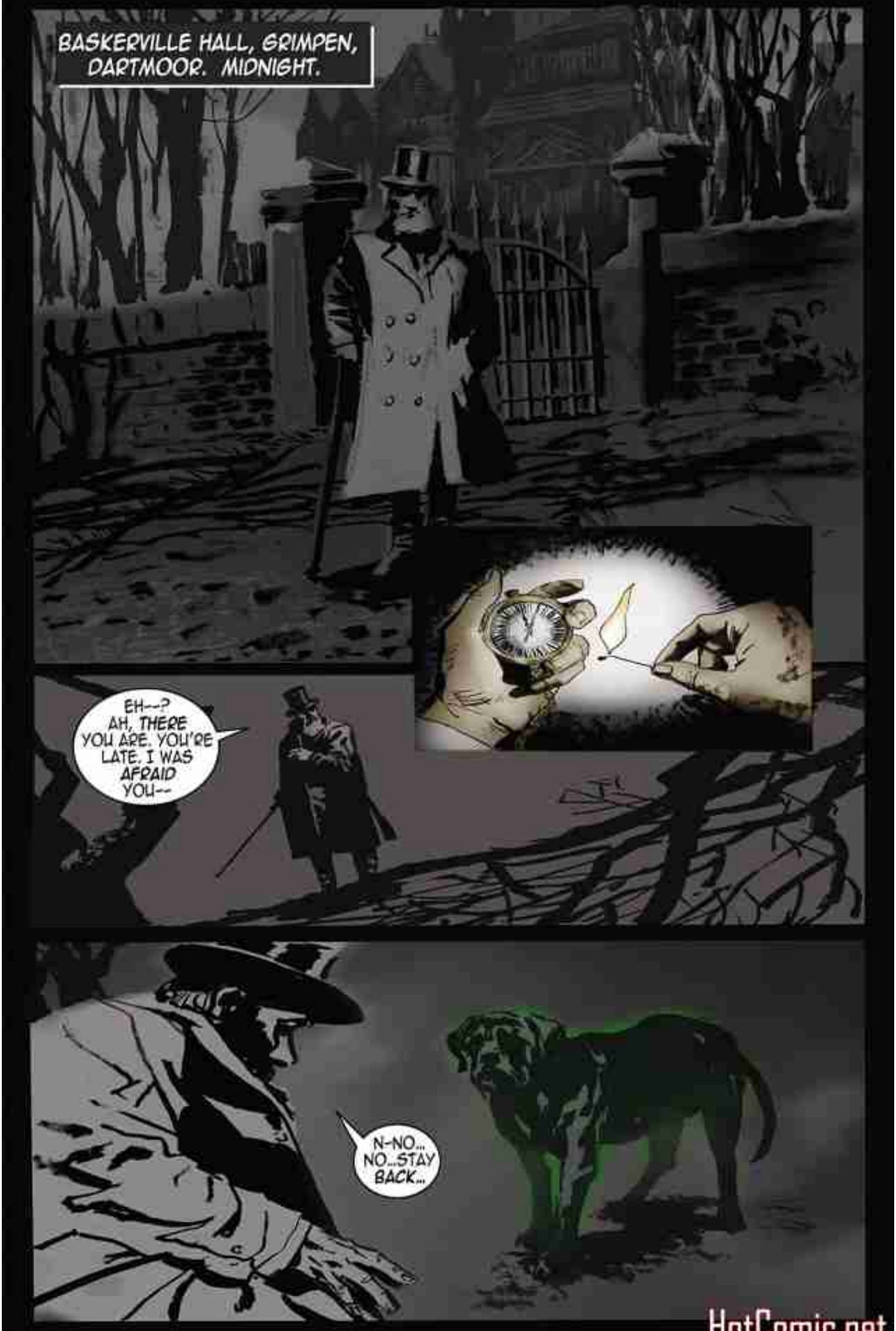

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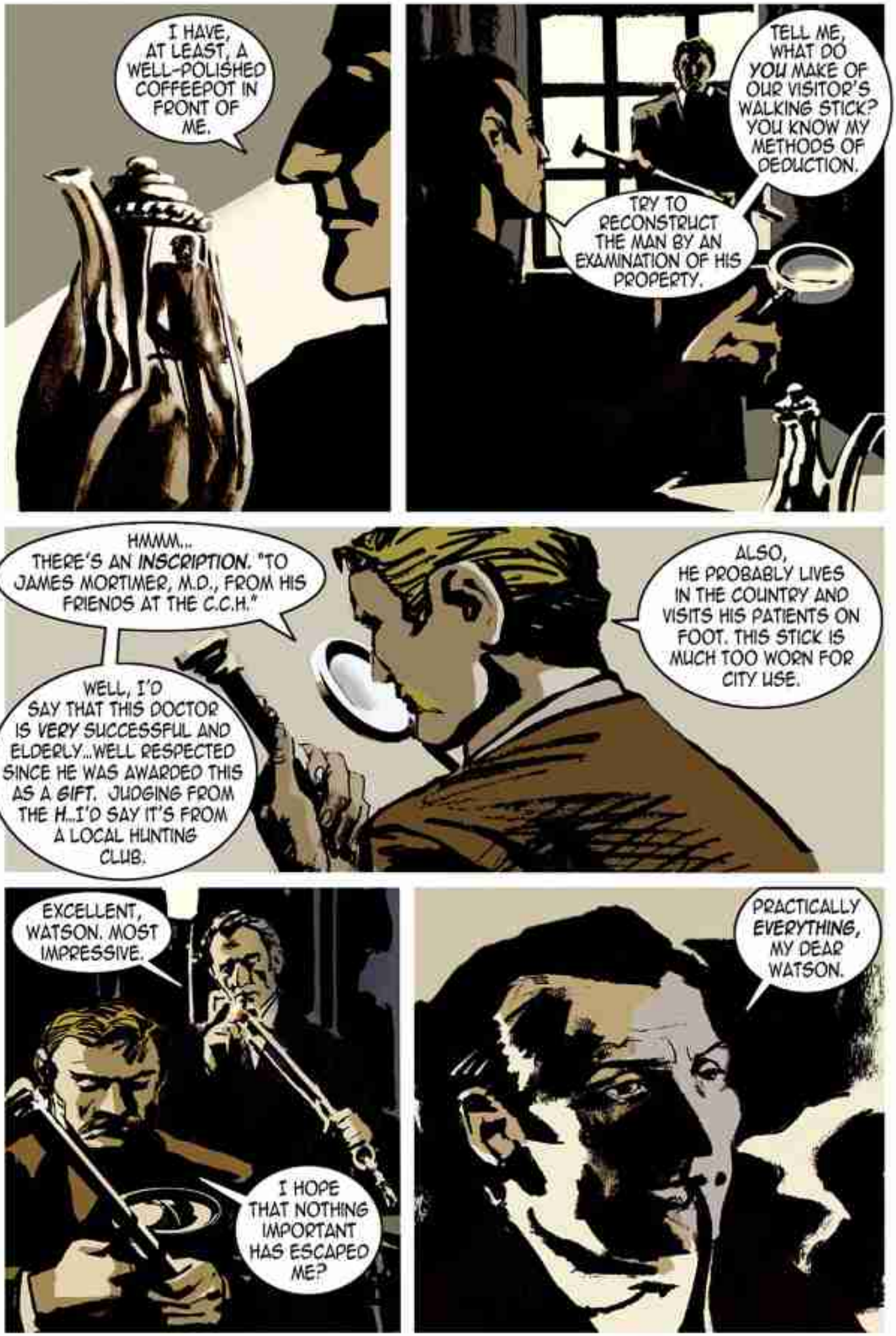
I HAVE, AT LEAST, A WELL-POLISHED COFFEEPOT IN FRONT OF ME.
TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF OUR VISITOR'S WALKING STICK? YOU KNOW MY METHODS OF DEDUCTION.
TRY TO RECONSTRUCT THE MAN BY AN EXAMINATION OF HIS PROPERTY.
HMMM... THERE'S AN INSCRIPTION. "TO JAMES MORTIMER, M.D., FROM HIS FRIENDS AT THE C.C.H."
WELL, I'D SAY THAT THIS DOCTOR IS VERY SUCCESSFUL AND ELDERLY...WELL RESPECTED SINCE HE WAS AWARDED THIS AS A GIFT. JUDGING FROM THE H...I'D SAY IT'S FROM A LOCAL HUNTING CLUB.
ALSO, HE PROBABLY LIVES IN THE COUNTRY AND VISITS HIS PATIENTS ON FOOT. THIS STICK IS MUCH TOO WORN FOR CITY USE.
EXCELLENT, WATSON. MOST IMPRESSIVE.
I HOPE THAT NOTHING IMPORTANT HAS ESCAPED ME?
PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING, MY DEAR WATSON.

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IT'S OBVIOUS THAT DR. MORTIMER DOES RESIDE IN THE COUNTRY AND WALKS A GOOD DEAL.
ONLY TO THAT EXTENT, I FEAR.
SO, I WAS RIGHT.
THAT WAS ALL I SAW.
YOU SEE, BUT YOU DO NOT OBSERVE.
THE LETTER H, IS MUCH MORE LIKELY TO BE FROM A HOSPITAL THAN A HUNTING CLUB. CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, FOR EXAMPLE.
WELL... YOU MAY BE RIGHT.
ALSO, ELDERLY DOCTORS ARE HARDLY LIKELY TO VISIT THEIR PATIENTS WALKING ON LONG COUNTRY ROADS.
I'D SAY OUR DR. MORTIMER IS A TALL, THIN, ABSENT-MINDED YOUNG MAN. ALSO, HE WEARS SPECTACLES.
HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY KNOW ALL THAT?

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NO MAGIC, WE ASSURE YOU. YOU LEFT THIS WHEN YOU VISITED LAST NIGHT. A PRESENTATION, I SEE?
YES, FROM CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL WHEN I FINISHED MY INTERNSHIP. I'M SO RELIEVED --I THOUGHT I MIGHT HAVE LOST IT ON THE TRAIN.

I PRESUME, DR. MORTIMER, THAT WE CAN DO MORE FOR YOU THAN MERELY RETURN A MISSING WALKING STICK. WHAT BRINGS YOU TO BAKER STREET?
IT'S...A STRANGE BUSINESS, MR. HOLMES.
PERHAPS IT'S BEST IF I START BY RECITING FROM THIS OLD MANUSCRIPT WHICH I BROUGHT WITH ME.

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HMM...EARLY 18TH CENTURY, BASED ON THE PAGE I OBSERVE PROTRUDING FROM YOUR POCKET, I WOULD SET YOUR DOCUMENT AT 1740.
REMARKABLE, SIR. THE ACTUAL DATE IS 1742.
THIS PARCHMENT WAS COMMITTED TO MY CARE BY SIR CHARLES BASKERVILLE OF DARTMOOR, RECENTLY DECEASED.
YES, ALL THE PAPERS RAN THE OBITUARY. A HEART ATTACK, I BELIEVE. PRAY CONTINUE, DR. MORTIMER.
THANK YOU, MR. HOLMES. IT WON'T BORE YOU, I PROMISE.
"HEREIN LIES THE TRUTH BEHIND THE ORIGIN OF THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.
"KNOW THEN THAT IN THOSE DARK TIMES THE MANOR OF BASKERVILLE WAS OWNED BY HUGO OF THAT NAME, A WILD, PROFANE, AND GODLESS MAN.

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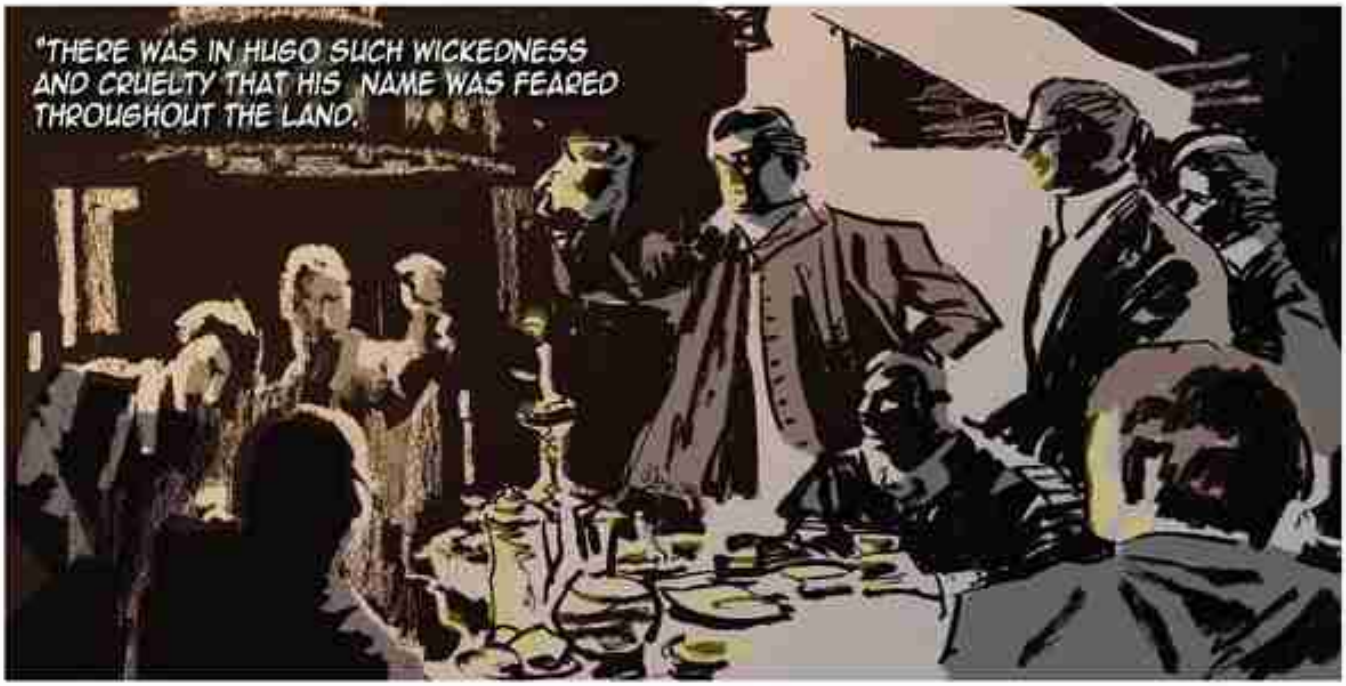

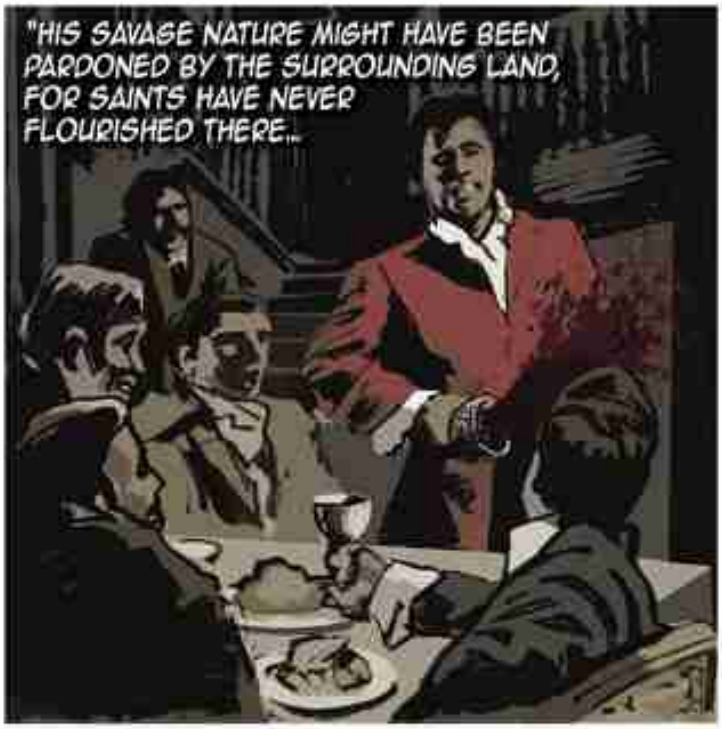

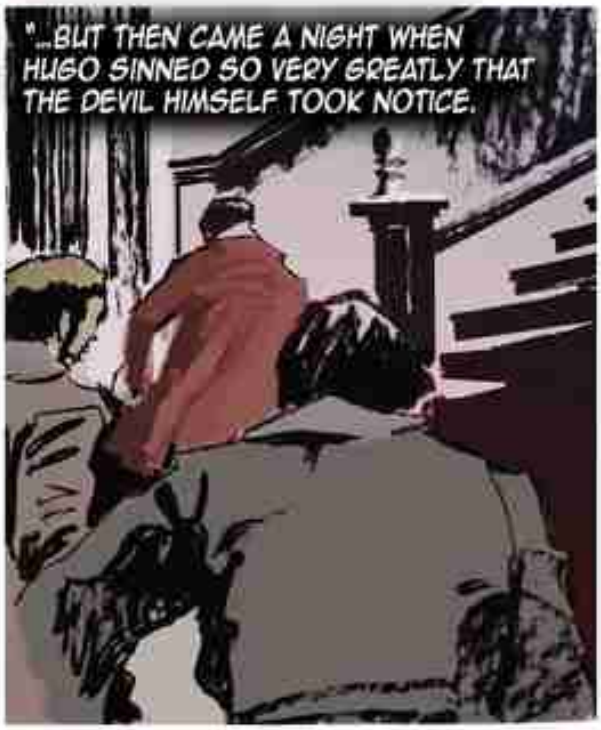

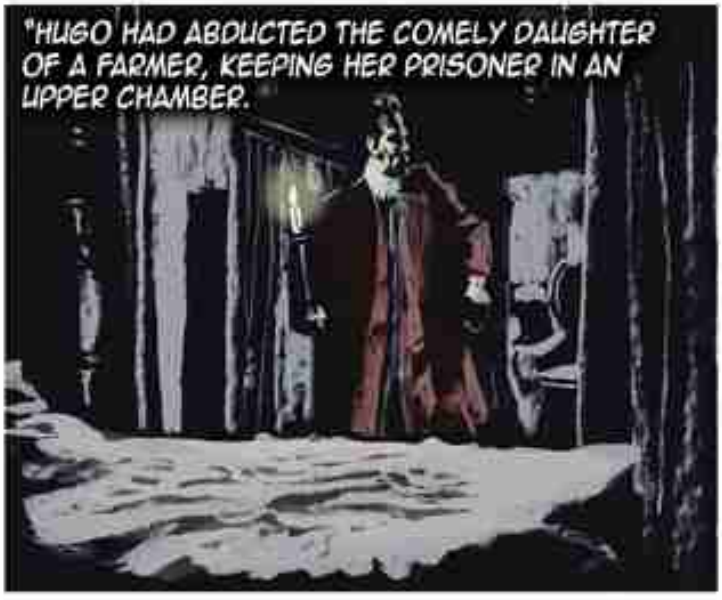

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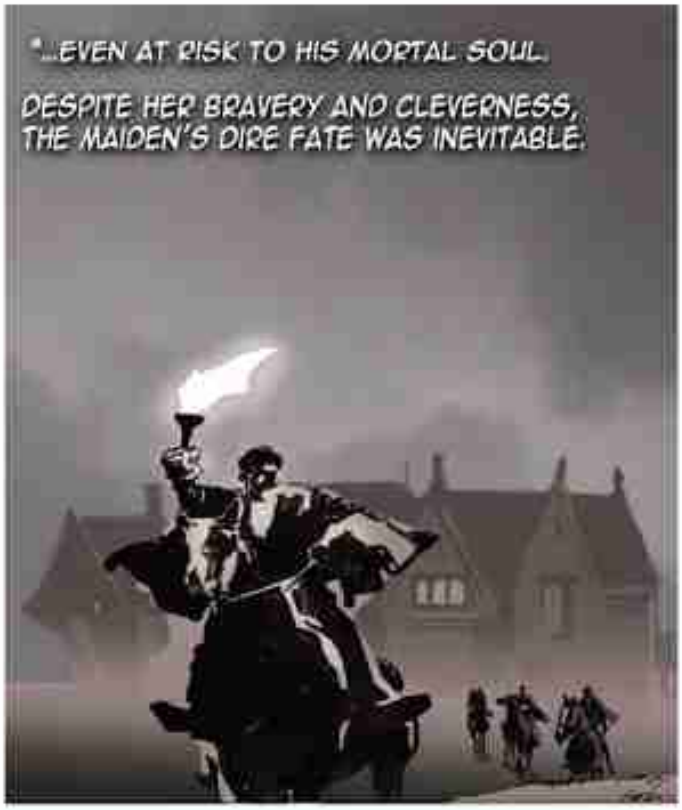
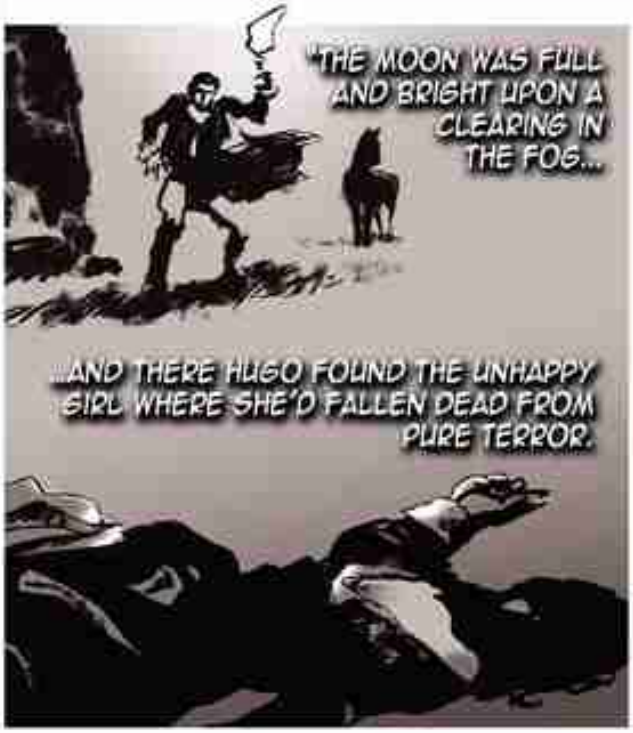
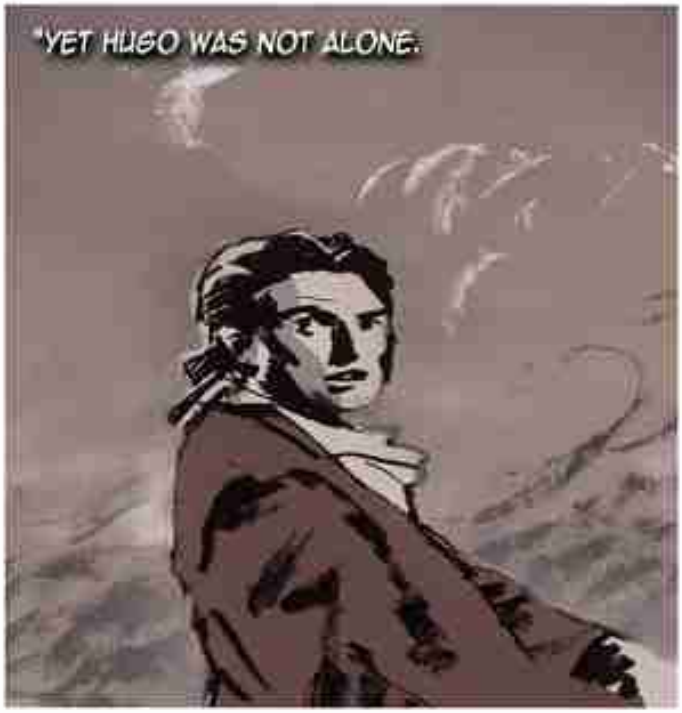



"THE MOON WAS FULL AND BRIGHT UPON A CLEARING IN THE FOG...
...AND THERE HUGO FOUND THE UNHAPPY GIRL WHERE SHE'D FALLEN DEAD FROM PURE TERROR.



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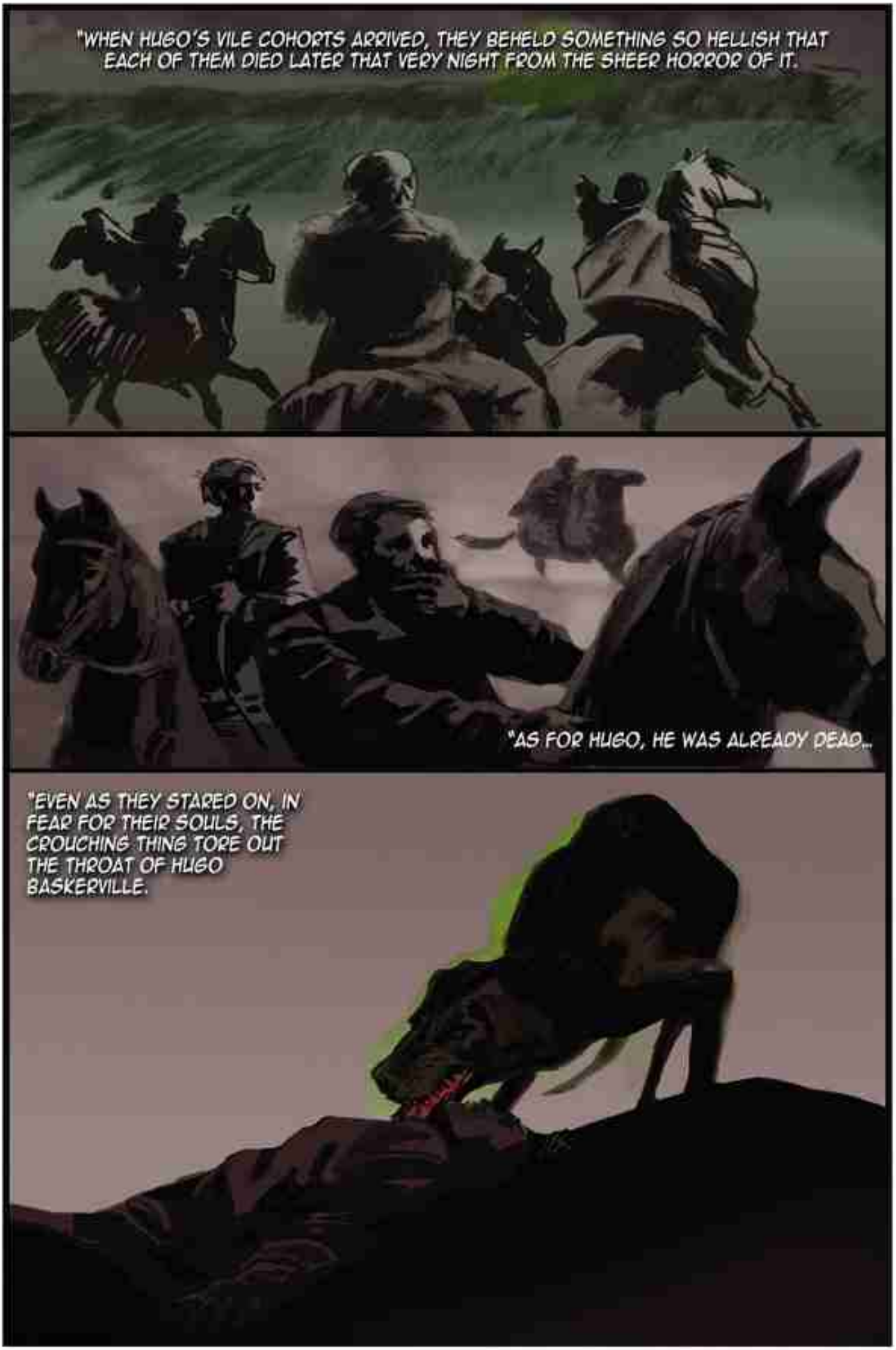
"WHEN HUGO'S VILE COHORTS ARRIVED, THEY BEHELD SOMETHING SO HELLISH THAT EACH OF THEM DIED LATER THAT VERY NIGHT FROM THE SHEER HORROR OF IT.
"AS FOR HUGO, HE WAS ALREADY DEAD...
"EVEN AS THEY STARED ON, IN FEAR FOR THEIR SOULS, THE CROUCHING THING TORE OUT THE THROAT OF HUGO BASKERVILLE.

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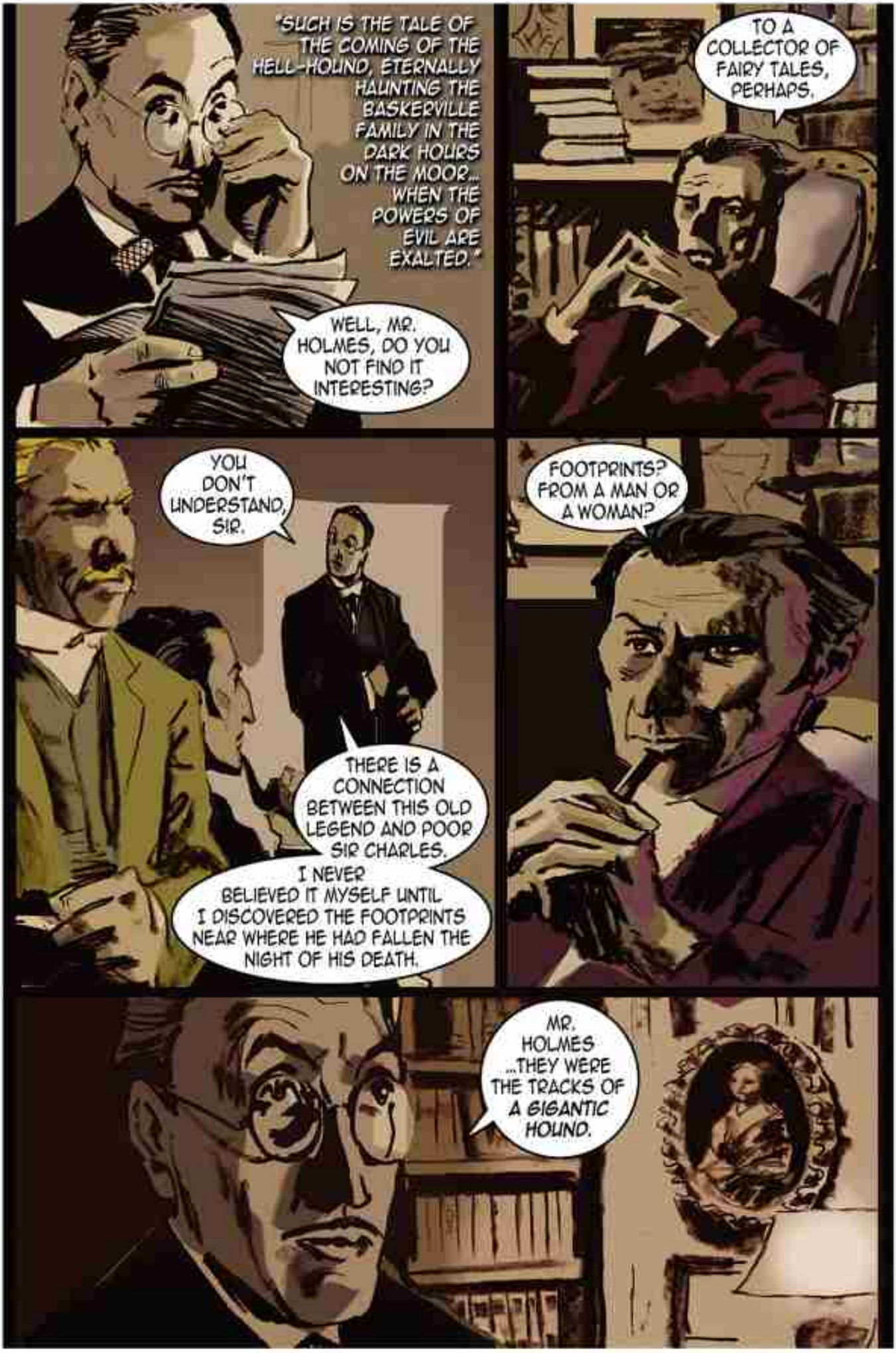
"SUCH IS THE TALE OF THE COMING OF THE HELL-HOUND, ETERNALLY HAUNTING THE BASKERVILLE FAMILY IN THE DARK HOURS ON THE MOOR... WHEN THE POWERS OF EVIL ARE EXALTED."
WELL, MR. HOLMES, DO YOU NOT FIND IT INTERESTING?
TO A COLLECTOR OF FAIRY TALES, PERHAPS.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR.
THERE IS A CONNECTION BETWEEN THIS OLD LEGEND AND POOR SIR CHARLES.
I NEVER BELIEVED IT MYSELF UNTIL I DISCOVERED THE FOOTPRINTS NEAR WHERE HE HAD FALLEN THE NIGHT OF HIS DEATH.
FOOTPRINTS? FROM A MAN OR A WOMAN?
MR. HOLMES ...THEY WERE THE TRACKS OF A GIGANTIC HOUND.

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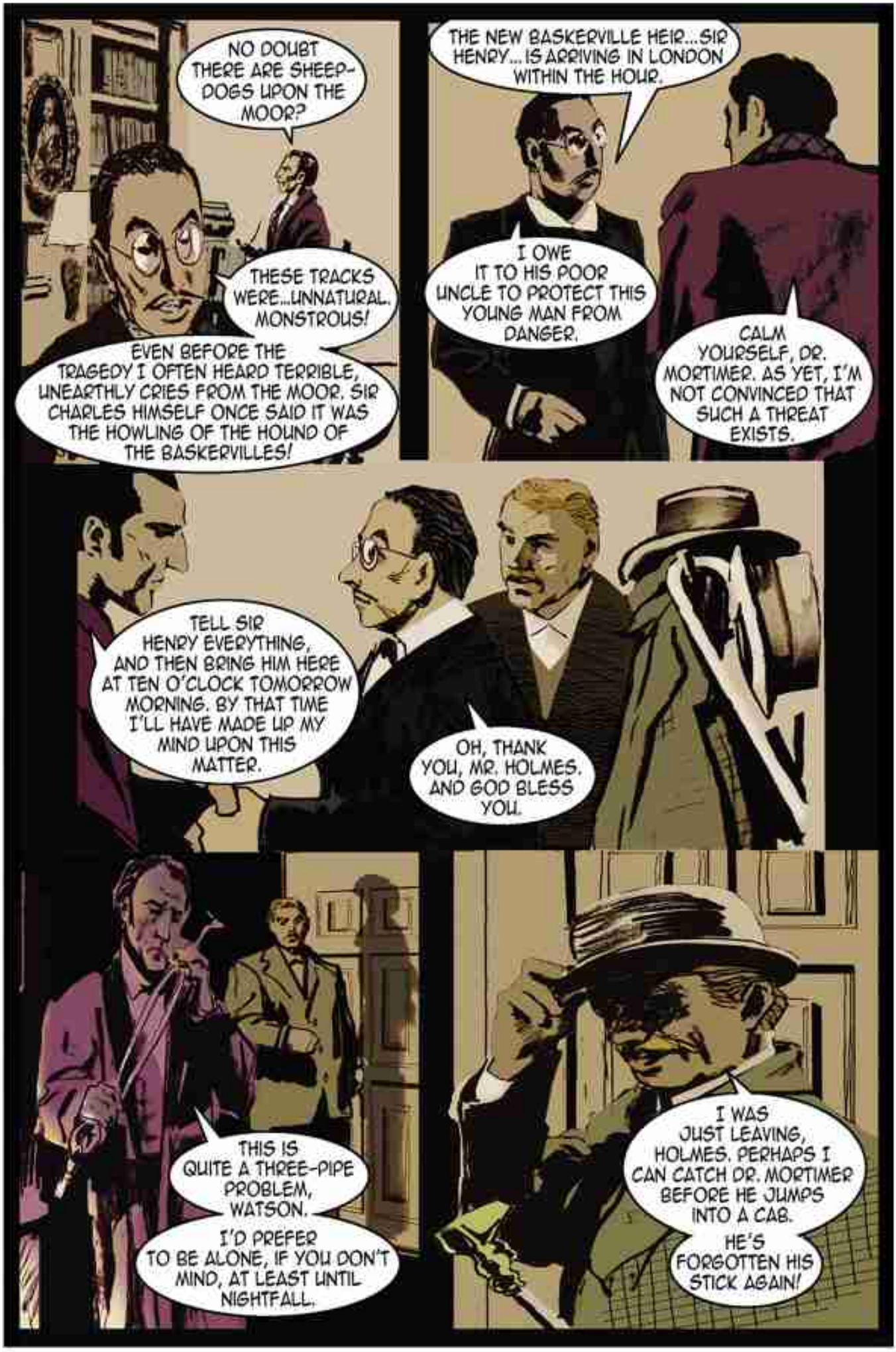
NO DOUBT THERE ARE SHEEP-DOGS UPON THE MOOR?
THESE TRACKS WERE...UNNATURAL. MONSTROUS!
EVEN BEFORE THE TRAGEDY I OFTEN HEARD TERRIBLE, UNEARTHLY CRIES FROM THE MOOR. SIR CHARLES HIMSELF ONCE SAID IT WAS THE HOWLING OF THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES!
THE NEW BASKERVILLE HEIR...SIR HENRY... IS ARRIVING IN LONDON WITHIN THE HOUR.
I OWE IT TO HIS POOR UNCLE TO PROTECT THIS YOUNG MAN FROM DANGER.
CALM YOURSELF, DR. MORTIMER. AS YET, I'M NOT CONVINCED THAT SUCH A THREAT EXISTS.
TELL SIR HENRY EVERYTHING, AND THEN BRING HIM HERE AT TEN O'CLOCK TOMORROW MORNING. BY THAT TIME I'LL HAVE MADE UP MY MIND UPON THIS MATTER.
OH, THANK YOU, MR. HOLMES. AND GOD BLESS YOU.
THIS IS QUITE A THREE-PIPE PROBLEM, WATSON.
I'D PREFER TO BE ALONE, IF YOU DON'T MIND, AT LEAST UNTIL NIGHTFALL.
I WAS JUST LEAVING, HOLMES. PERHAPS I CAN CATCH DR. MORTIMER BEFORE HE JUMPS INTO A CAB.
HE'S FORGOTTEN HIS STICK AGAIN!

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LATER, AFTER MIDNIGHT...
AH, THERE YOU ARE, WATSON. I SEE YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING BILLIARDS AT YOUR CLUB ALL EVENING.
HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY KNOW THAT?
SIMPLICITY ITSELF. IF YOU'D BEEN WALKING THE STREETS YOUR BOOTS WOULD HAVE LOST THEIR SHINE FROM THE DUST.
ALSO, I DETECT A BIT OF CHALK ON YOUR LEFT THUMB AND FOREFINGER.
IT'S ALWAYS OBVIOUS AFTER YOU EXPLAIN IT, HOLMES.
I'VE SPENT THE DAY SENDING TELEGRAMS AND STUDYING THIS LARGE-SCALE MAP OF DARTMOOR. MANY RESIDENTS UPON THE MOORS HAVE REPORTED HEARING DEMONIC HOWLS.
WHILE NO LESS THAN FOUR WITNESSES, INCLUDING A CLERGYMAN, SWEAR THEY'VE ACTUALLY SEEN THE MONSTER.
HAVE YOU REACHED ANY CONCLUSIONS?
ONLY ENOUGH TO SUSPECT THAT IF THE DEVIL DID DESIRE TO MEDDLE IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN, DARTMOOR IS A MOST WORTHY SETTING.

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TEN O'CLOCK THE NEXT MORNING...
COME IN, SIR HENRY. HOLMES AND I HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.
THANK YOU, DR. WATSON. NEVER DREAMED SUCH A FAMOUS DETECTIVE AS MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES WOULD EVER BE INTERESTED IN ME.
IN FACT, IF DR. MORTIMER HADN'T ALREADY PLANNED THIS MEETING...
...I'D HAVE COME HERE WITH A LITTLE MYSTERY OF MY OWN.
INDEED?
as you Value your life or your reason keep away from the MOOR
IT WOULD SEEM THAT SOMEONE IS VERY INTERESTED IN YOUR BUSINESS, SIR HENRY.
I SUSPECT THAT THIS WARNING COULD BE QUITE SERIOUS.
WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO?
WHY, GO TO DARTMOOR, OF COURSE!
THERE'S NO FIEND ON EARTH, OR DEVIL IN HELL, THAT WILL KEEP ME FROM THE HOME OF MY OWN FAMILY.

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IN THAT CASE, I WILL ACCEPT THIS INVESTIGATION.
FOR NOW IT'S BEST THAT YOU AND DR. MORTIMER RETURN IMMEDIATELY TO THE HOTEL.
WATSON AND I WILL JOIN YOU SHORTLY.
QUICKLY, WATSON! WE DON'T HAVE A MOMENT TO LOSE!
HOLMES--I DON'T UNDERSTAND...WHY WAS "MOOR" THE ONLY WORD HANDWRITTEN ON THAT MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE?
OBVIOUSLY BECAUSE IT COULDN'T BE FOUND IN THE NEWSPAPER AS EASILY AS THE OTHERS.
THAT WARNING WAS QUITE FRESH. THE PASTE HADN'T YET DRIED.
WE MUSTN'T LOSE THEM. SIR HENRY'S LIFE MAY DEPEND UPON IT.
AS I EXPECTED...SIR HENRY IS STILL BEING FOLLOWED.
THERE'S OUR CULPRIT, WATSON--THE BEARDED MAN IN THAT CAB!
HURRY!

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TOO LATE, HOLMES! WE'VE BEEN SEEN! HE'S ESCAPING!
HE'S TOO CLEVER TO BE CAUGHT SO EASILY.
BRING THE DRIVER OF CAB NUMBER 2704 TO THE HOTEL. I DARE NOT LEAVE SIR HENRY UNGUARDED.
YOU MAY RELY ON ME, HOLMES.
...AND THE VALUE OF THE ESTATE IS CLOSE TO A MILLION, SIR HENRY.
SO THE LAWYERS HAVE ALSO TOLD ME.
STRANGE, I'VE SUDDENLY BECOME A VERY RICH MAN...IF I LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SPEND ANY OF IT.
YOU SHOULDN'T JOKE ABOUT SUCH THINGS.
DR. MORTIMER IS QUITE CORRECT, SIR HENRY.
THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER.

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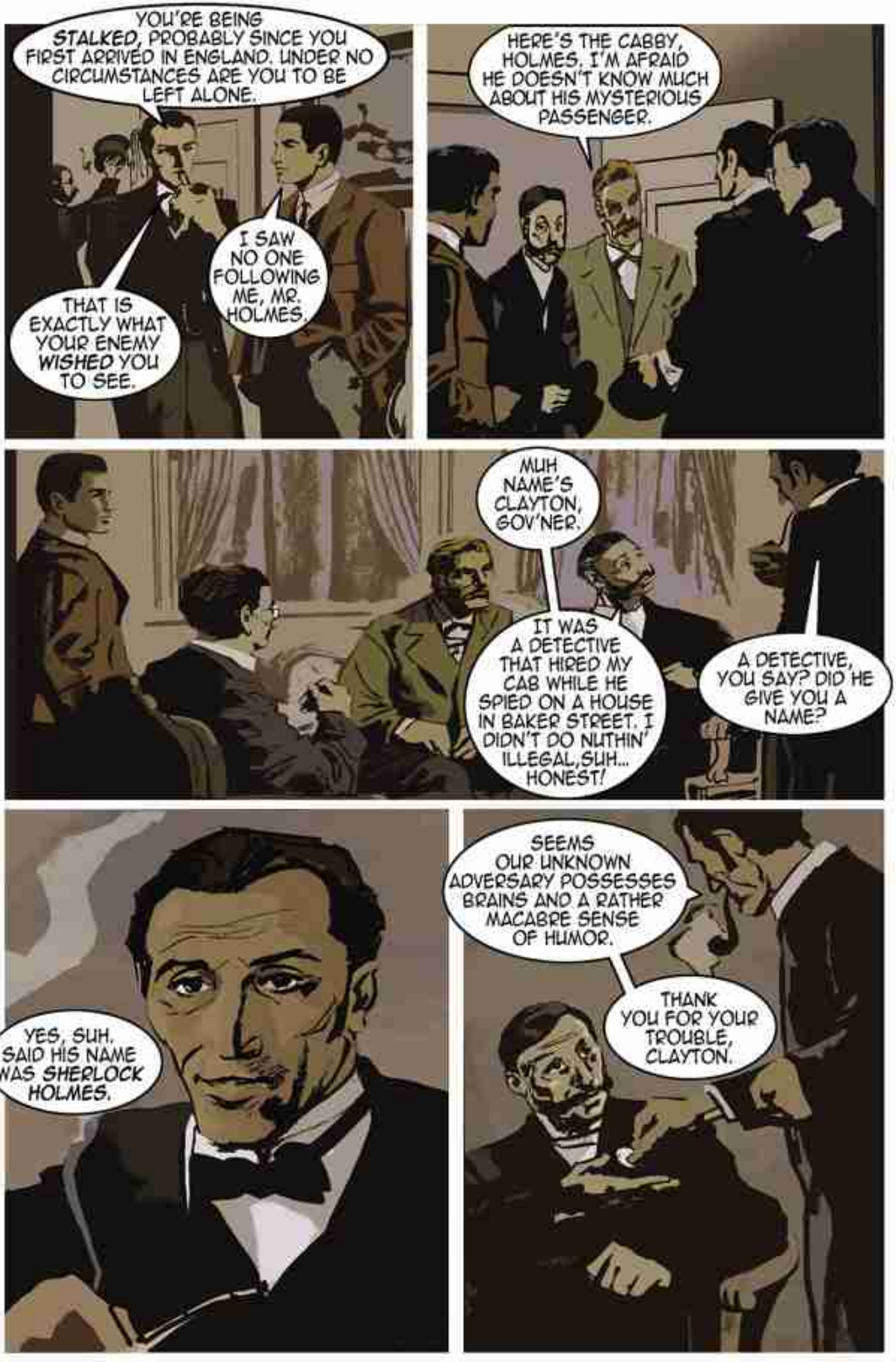
YOU'RE BEING STALKED, PROBABLY SINCE YOU FIRST ARRIVED IN ENGLAND. UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES ARE YOU TO BE LEFT ALONE.
I SAW NO ONE FOLLOWING ME, MR. HOLMES.
THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT YOUR ENEMY WISHED YOU TO SEE.
HERE'S THE CABBY, HOLMES. I'M AFRAID HE DOESN'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HIS MYSTERIOUS PASSENGER.
MUH NAME'S CLAYTON, GOV'NER.
IT WAS A DETECTIVE THAT HIRED MY CAB WHILE HE SPIED ON A HOUSE IN BAKER STREET. I DIDN'T DO NUTHIN' ILLEGAL, SUH... HONEST!
A DETECTIVE, YOU SAY? DID HE GIVE YOU A NAME?
YES, SUH. SAID HIS NAME WAS SHERLOCK HOLMES.
SEEMS OUR UNKNOWN ADVERSARY POSSESSES BRAINS AND A RATHER MACABRE SENSE OF HUMOR.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR TROUBLE, CLAYTON.

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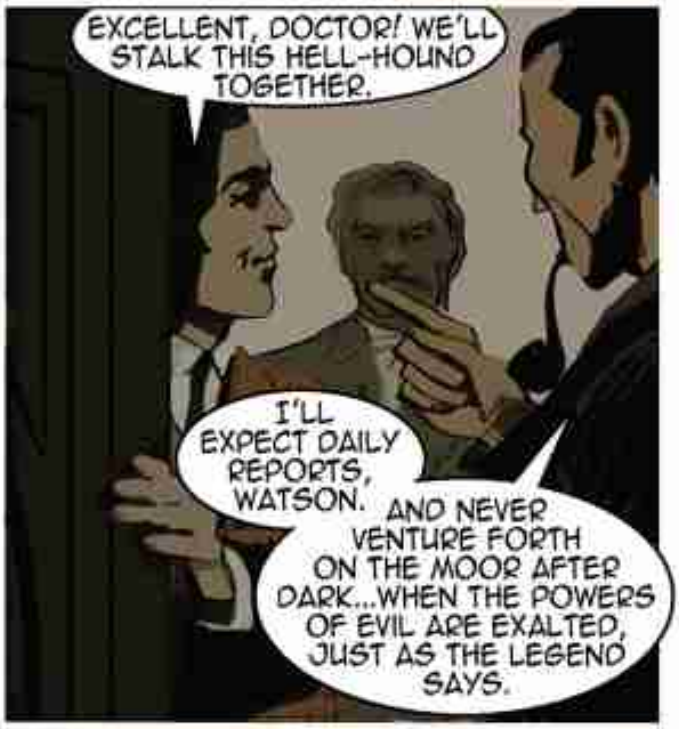
THIS MAKES ME MORE DETERMINED THAN EVER TO GO TO DARTMOOR IMMEDIATELY.
I'D CERTAINLY FEEL SAFER FOR SIR HENRY IF YOU COULD ACCOMPANY HIM, MR. HOLMES.

UNFORTUNATELY, A BLACKMAIL CASE HAS ME OCCUPIED.
HOWEVER, MY FRIEND WATSON WOULD MAKE AN EXCELLENT WATCHDOG.
OF COURSE, I'D BE HAPPY TO GO.


EXCELLENT, DOCTOR! WE'LL STALK THIS HELL-HOUND TOGETHER.
I'LL EXPECT DAILY REPORTS, WATSON.
AND NEVER VENTURE FORTH ON THE MOOR AFTER DARK...WHEN THE POWERS OF EVIL ARE EXALTED, JUST AS THE LEGEND SAYS.

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DARTMOOR. THREE DAYS LATER...
THERE IT IS, SIR HENRY! BASKERVILLE HALL!
JUST LOOK AT IT, DR. WATSON! IT'S ENORMOUS!
MOST IMPRESSIVE! ALMOST MEDIEVAL, AS IF WE'VE TRAVELED BACKWARDS IN TIME!
THIS IS MR. AND MRS. BARRYMORE, THE CARETAKERS OF THE MANOR FOR MANY YEARS.
MY UNCLE'S WILL SPOKE HIGHLY OF BOTH OF YOU.
THANK YOU, SIR. HE WAS A KIND AND MOST GENEROUS BENEFACTOR.
A storm is blowing in from the moors. I wish it was morning.
My Dear Holmes,
Baskerville Hall is a silent, cheerless place, full of shadows.
I couldn't help but notice that Barrymore, the butler, has a black beard very much like the man who spied on us in London.

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The next day Dr. Mortimer came to visit Sir Henry, so I decided to acquaint myself with the lonely moor.
STOP! DR. WATSON! STOP!
MY NAME IS STAPLETON. MY NEIGHBOR DR. MORTIMER TOLD ME YOU WERE HERE. ANOTHER STEP AND YOU WOULD'VE BEEN TRAPPED IN THE DEADLY GRIMPEN MIRE.
UGH. SO I SEE.
BY JOVE! A CYCLOPIDES LEPIDOPTERA!
PARDON ME--I WON'T BE A MOMENT! OH, IT'S A BEAUTY!

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YOU MUST GO BACK! GO STRAIGHT BACK TO LONDON--AT ONCE!
I'M AFRAID I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
I CAN'T EXPLAIN--FOR GOD'S SAKE, PLEASE DO WHAT I ASK.
GO BACK AND NEVER RETURN TO THE MOOR AGAIN.
MY BROTHER IS COMING. PLEASE, NOT A WORD TO HIM ABOUT WHAT I SAID.
I BEG YOU.
AH, SO YOU'VE ALREADY MET, I SEE...
YES, JACK. I WAS JUST TELLING SIR HENRY THAT HE SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL ON THE MOOR.
BEGGING YOUR PARDON, MISS STAPLETON, BUT I'M NOT SIR HENRY, MERELY HIS FRIEND.
DR. JOHN H. WATSON, AT YOUR SERVICE.

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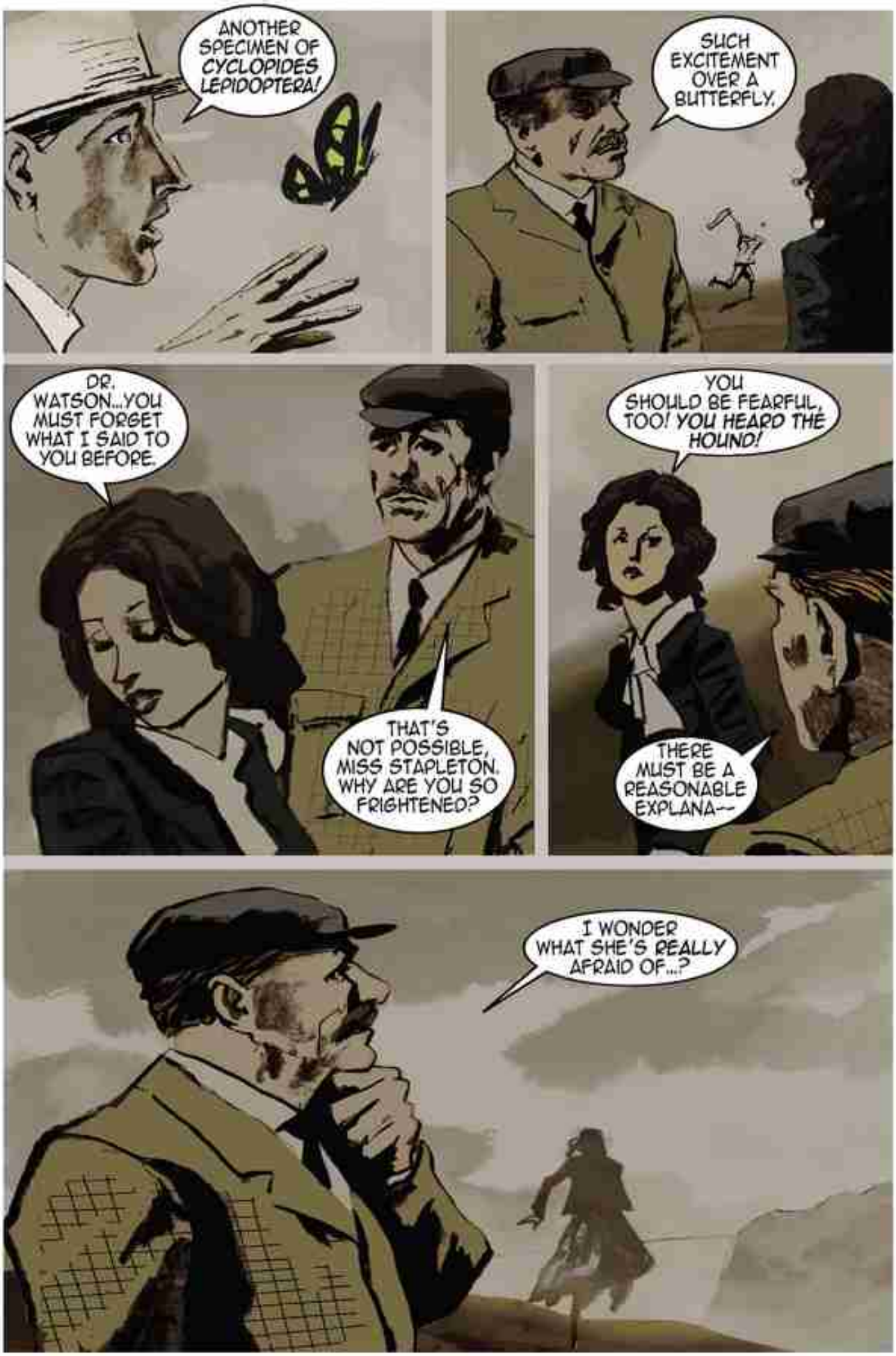
SO, DR. MORTIMER TELLS ME THAT YOU ARE THE DR. WATSON, OF 2218 BAKER STREET.
I'M HERE VISITING MY FRIEND, SIR HENRY.
DOES THIS MEAN MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES WILL ALSO BE COMING TO DARTMOOR?
MR. HOLMES IS QUITE OCCUPIED IN LONDON. I SEE NO REASON FOR HIM TO--
WHAT... WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT EERIE CRY?
MOST FOLKS ON THE MOOR SAY IT'S THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES...HOWLING FOR BLOOD.
SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE SUCH NONSENSE?
THE MOOR HAS MANY SECRETS, DR. WA--
AH, LOOK! I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES...!


ANOTHER SPECIMEN OF CYCLOPIDES LEPIDOPTERA!
SUCH EXCITEMENT OVER A BUTTERFLY.
DR. WATSON...YOU MUST FORGET WHAT I SAID TO YOU BEFORE.
THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE, MISS STAPLETON. WHY ARE YOU SO FRIGHTENED?
YOU SHOULD BE FEARFUL, TOO! YOU HEARD THE HOUND!
THERE MUST BE A REASONABLE EXPLANA--
I WONDER WHAT SHE'S REALLY AFRAID OF...?

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Later that evening, Sir Henry invited his nearest neighbors to a dinner party.

Dr. Mortimer was there, of course, as well as the Stapletons, and also a spirited, argumentative old man named Franklin.

YOU HEARD ME, SIR! I SAID GRAVE ROBBER! FOR THAT IS WHAT YOU ARE, STAPLETON!

GRAVE ROBBER? I'M AFRAID I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MR. FRANKLIN.

HE'S TALKING ABOUT A NEOLITHIC SKULL THAT I RECENTLY EXCAVATED, DR. WATSON.

YOU SEE, HE ADMITS HIS CRIME!

DIGGING UP HUMAN REMAINS WITHOUT PERMISSION FROM THE NEXT OF KIN IS GRAVE ROBBING!

After her very odd behavior on the moor, I was surprised, and very pleased, that the lovely Miss Stapleton had accompanied her brother.

Sir Henry was obviously more delighted.

From the first moment they met, the attraction between them was impossible to miss.

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Miss Stapleton and Sir Henry spoke for a long while, softly and affectionately.
Despite the heavy rain, it seemed a perfect evening.
However, it was not to last.
TH-THAT HOWL! DO YOU HEAR IT? IT'S THE HOUND...AND IT'S CLOSER THIS TIME!
OH, COME, MISS STAPLETON. SURELY IT'S ONLY THE STORM.
THAT'S NOT THE WIND. WHAT THE DEVIL COULD IT BE?
PERHAPS... PERHAPS ONE OF THE MOOR PONIES IS CAUGHT IN THE MIRE.
JACK... PLEASE TAKE ME HOME...
AS YOU WISH, MY DEAR. LET ME GET YOUR CLOAK. IT'S POURING OUTSIDE.
The long, mournful, terrible howls continued. I do not cannot believe in The Hound...!
...and yet what else could it be?

"MOOR PONIES! HAH! I HAVE MY OWN THEORY AS TO THE ORIGIN OF THOSE CRIES, DR. WATSON.
AND WHAT MIGHT THAT BE, MR. FRANKLIN?"
I DIDN'T WANT TO MENTION IT IN FRONT OF THE YOUNG LADY...BUT NOW THAT SIR HENRY IS ESCORTING HER TO THE CARRIAGE, I'M FREE TO EXPLAIN.
A LUNATIC ESCAPED FROM DARTMOOR PRISON A FEW DAYS AGO. LIKELY AS NOT HE'S HIDING ON THE MOOR.
FRANKLIN IS QUITE CORRECT. THE CONVICT IS SELDEN, THE NOTORIOUS NOTTING HILL MURDERER.
"I REMEMBER HOLMES MENTIONING THE CASE. SELDEN WAS CONVICTED OF MURDERING AN ENTIRE FAMILY."
"THAT'S THE ONE, DR. WATSON. IF THAT FIEND IS OUT THERE ON THE MOOR...
"...HE WON'T SURVIVE FOR LONG."
"As Sir Henry was tenderly saying farewell to Miss Stapleton, I thought I detected a sudden coldness in her brother's usual quite amiable expression."

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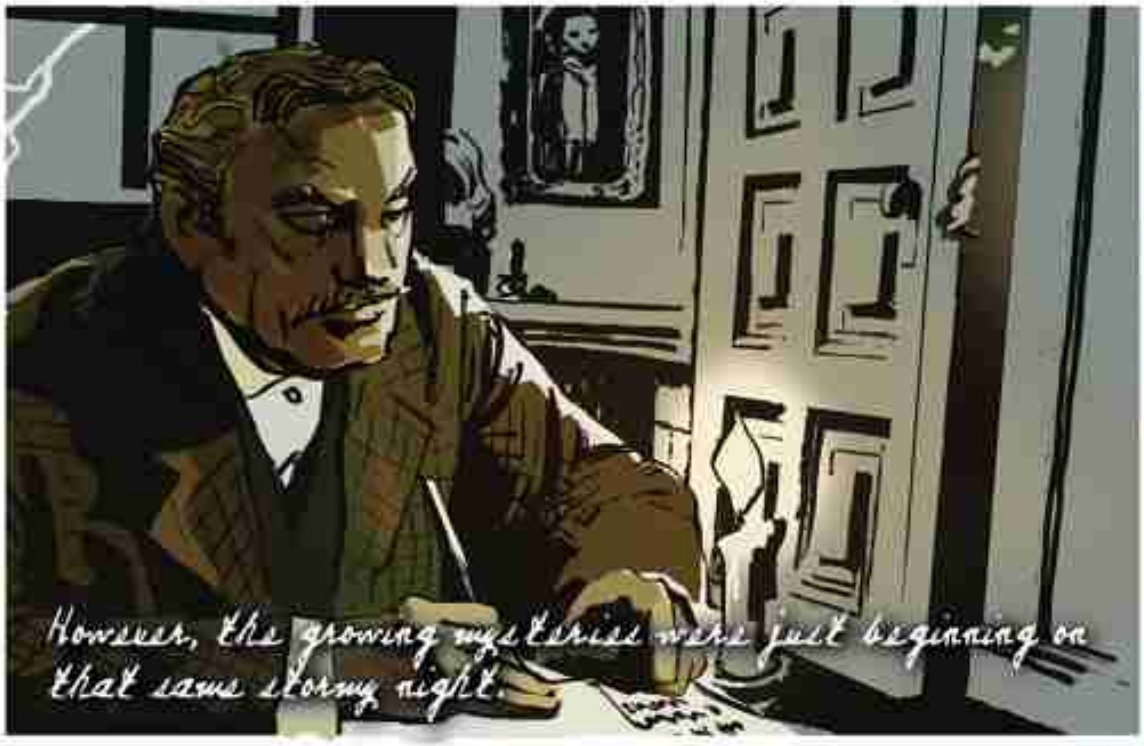

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WE MUST BE VERY QUIET, DOCTOR. YOU'LL SEE WHY IN A MOMENT.
OH--! SIR HENRY...I...I WAS MAKING SURE THE WINDOWS WERE SECURED, SIR.
YOU MAY GO TO BED NOW, BARRYMORE.
YES, OF COURSE. GOOD EVENING, SIR.
I THOUGHT AS MUCH. BARRYMORE WAS SIGNALING TO SOMEONE.
YOU'RE RIGHT, DOCTOR! THE LIGHT ON THE MOOR RESPONDS WHEN YOU MOVE THE CANDLE!

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I felt a tinge of guilt, taking Sir Henry with me, but I could not leave him alone in that sinister
IT'S THERE, DOCTOR...
YES...A DIM LIGHT BY THE BOULDERS.
I was very glad to have my revolver.

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SIR HENRY--LOOK OUT!!
THAT BOULDER NARROWLY MISSED US!
SELDEN, THE ESCAPED CONVICT. MUST HAVE BEEN. I DON'T THINK I HIT HIM.
DR. WATSON--LOOK!
THAT CAN'T BE OUR ATTACKER. HE'S TOO FAR AWAY.
BUT... WHO ELSE WOULD BE OUT ON THE MOOR...?

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GOOD MORNING, BARRYMORE. HAS SIR HENRY ALREADY BEEN DOWN FOR BREAKFAST?
YES, SIR. HE LEFT THE HOUSE QUITE EARLY THIS MORNING.
SIR HENRY-- ON THE MOOR ALONE! WHY WOULD HE BE SO FOOLISH?!
I...I REALLY SHOULDN'T BE HERE, HENRY.
YES, OF COURSE, YOU SHOULD.
I LOVE YOU, BERYL.
BERYL--!!

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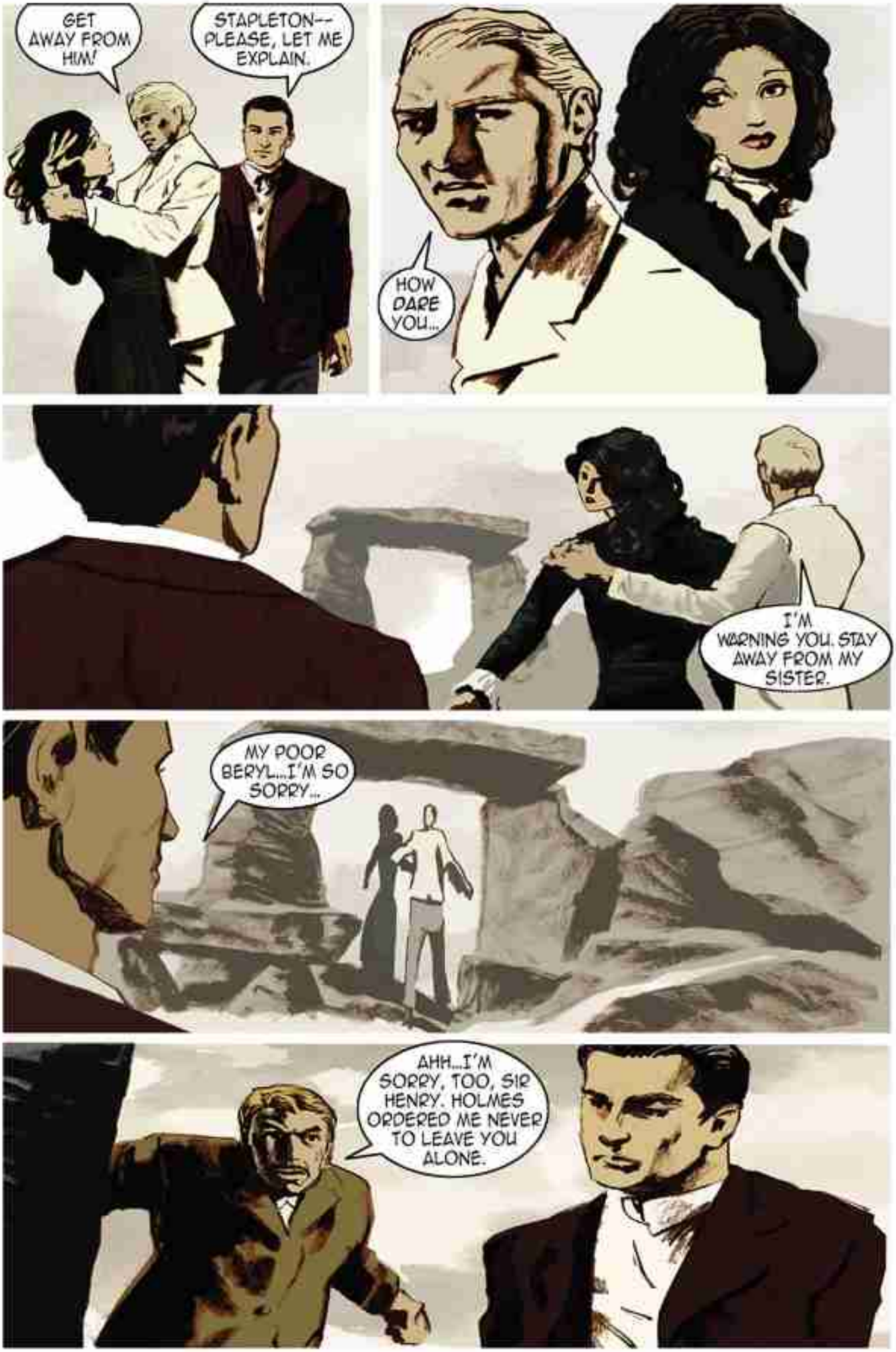
GET AWAY FROM HIM!
STAPLETON-- PLEASE, LET ME EXPLAIN.
HOW DARE YOU...
I'M WARNING YOU. STAY AWAY FROM MY SISTER.
MY POOR BERYL...I'M SO SORRY...
AHH...I'M SORRY, TOO, SIR HENRY. HOLMES ORDERED ME NEVER TO LEAVE YOU ALONE.

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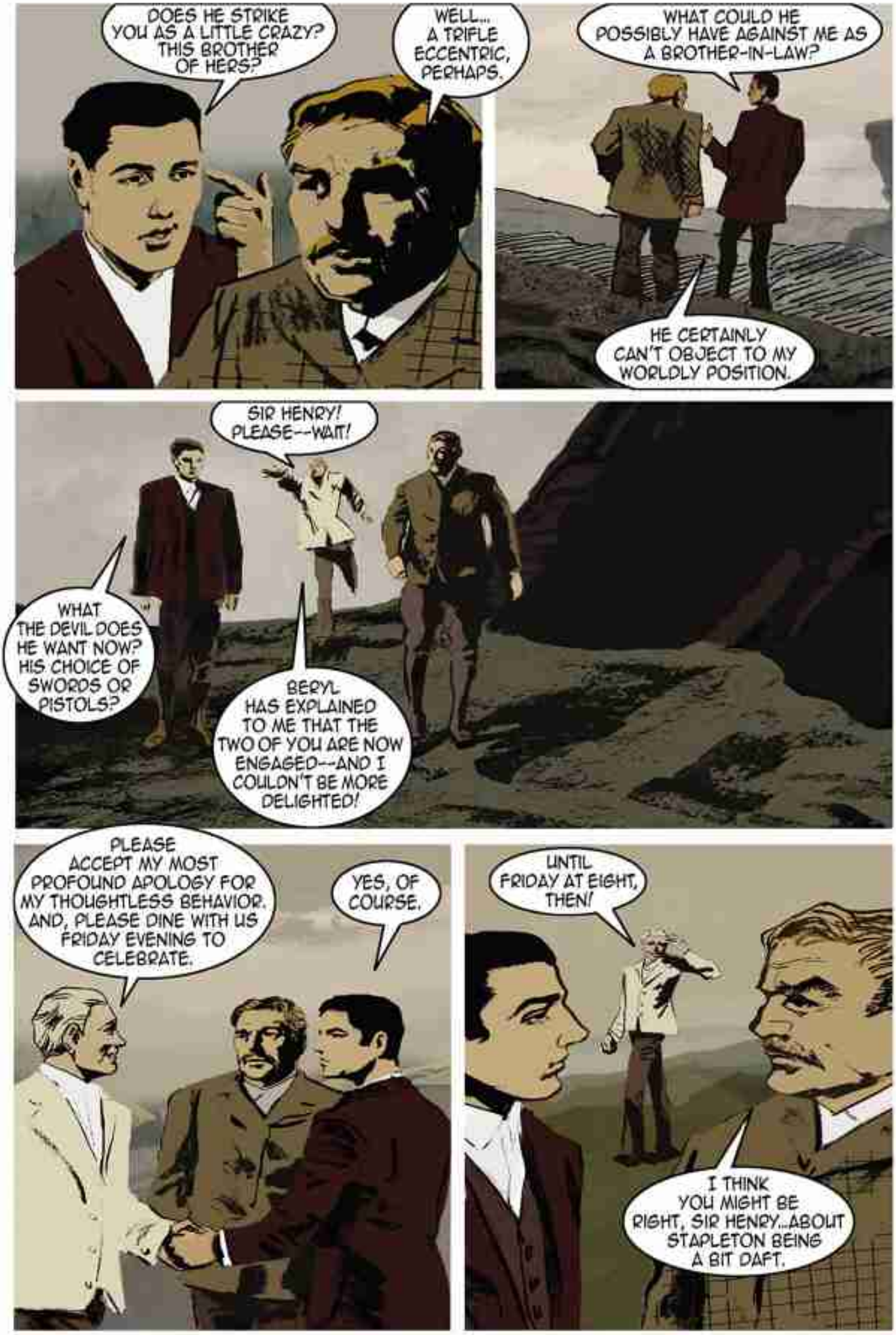
DOES HE STRIKE YOU AS A LITTLE CRAZY? THIS BROTHER OF HERS?
WELL... A TRIFLE ECCENTRIC, PERHAPS.
WHAT COULD HE POSSIBLY HAVE AGAINST ME AS A BROTHER-IN-LAW?
HE CERTAINLY CAN'T OBJECT TO MY WORLDLY POSITION.
SIR HENRY! PLEASE--WAIT!
WHAT THE DEVIL DOES HE WANT NOW? HIS CHOICE OF SWORDS OR PISTOLS?
BERYL HAS EXPLAINED TO ME THAT THE TWO OF YOU ARE NOW ENGAGED--AND I COULDN'T BE MORE DELIGHTED!
PLEASE ACCEPT MY MOST PROFOUND APOLOGY FOR MY THOUGHTLESS BEHAVIOR. AND, PLEASE DINE WITH US FRIDAY EVENING TO CELEBRATE.
YES, OF COURSE.
UNTIL FRIDAY AT EIGHT, THEN!
I THINK YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT, SIR HENRY...ABOUT STAPLETON BEING A BIT DAFT.

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"DR. WATSON...BARRYMORE'S AT THAT WINDOW AGAIN."
"LET'S GO, SIR HENRY. IT'S TIME WE HAD SOME ANSWERS."
BARRYMORE!
NO... NO, SIR. NOT AGAINST YOU, SIR.
YOUR FAMILY HAS SERVED THIS HOUSE FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS--AND HERE I FIND YOU SCHEMING AGAINST ME!
IT...IT'S MY FAULT, SIR HENRY.
MY HUSBAND HAS DONE NOTHING EXCEPT FOR MY SAKE...BECAUSE I BEGGED HIM TO DO IT.

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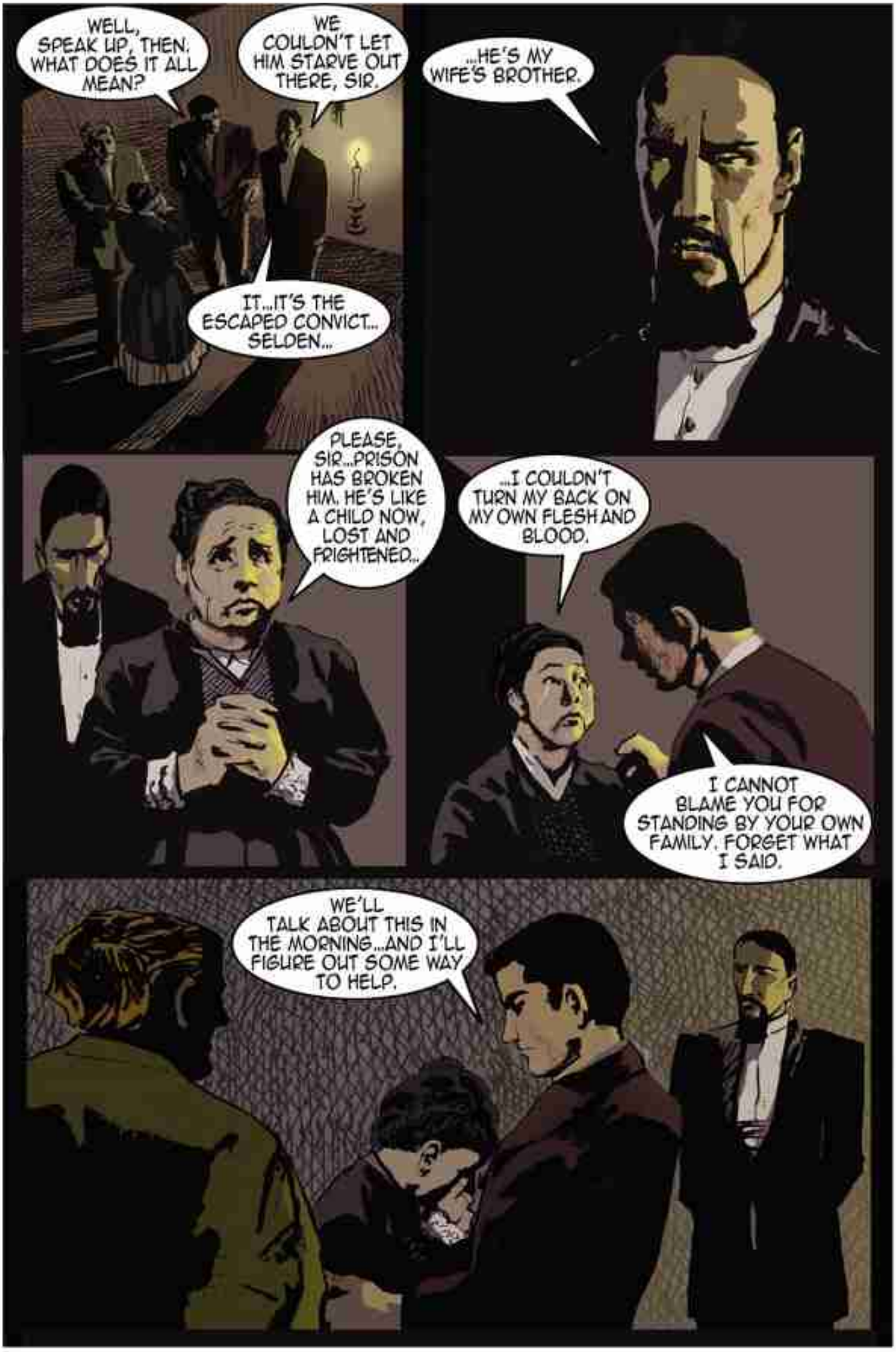
WELL, SPEAK UP, THEN. WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?
WE COULDN'T LET HIM STARVE OUT THERE, SIR.
IT...IT'S THE ESCAPED CONVICT... SELDEN...
...HE'S MY WIFE'S BROTHER.
PLEASE, SIR...PRISON HAS BROKEN HIM. HE'S LIKE A CHILD NOW, LOST AND FRIGHTENED...
...I COULDN'T TURN MY BACK ON MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD.
I CANNOT BLAME YOU FOR STANDING BY YOUR OWN FAMILY. FORGET WHAT I SAID.
WE'LL TALK ABOUT THIS IN THE MORNING...AND I'LL FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO HELP.

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The next morning the fate of Selden was pondered by Sir Henry, who has showed remarkable sensitivity to the problem.
While no permanent solution had yet been found, Sir Henry offered both his silence to the police, and several of his fine clothes to the plight of the Barrymores.
YOU'VE BEEN KIND TO US, SIR...AND I'D LIKE TO RETURN THE FAVOR.
I KNOW SOMETHING MORE ABOUT THE DEATH OF POOR SIR CHARLES... SOMETHING NOT KNOWN TO ANYONE ELSE.
GO ON, BARRYMORE.
I KNOW WHY HE WAS OUTSIDE THE GATE AT THAT LATE HOUR...IT WAS TO MEET A WOMAN.
A WOMAN...? DO YOU KNOW HER NAME?
NO, SIR...BUT I FOUND A NOTE IN A LADY'S HANDWRITING, CRUMPLED IN THE FIREPLACE ON THAT NIGHT.
IT SAID: "PLEASE BE AT THE GATE AT MIDNIGHT" AND WAS SIGNED "L.L."
SEEMS IF WE COULD IDENTIFY THIS LADY, SIR, IT MIGHT HELP SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF YOUR UNCLE'S DEATH.

HentGarnic.net

Leaving Sir Henry at tea with Dr. Mortimer, I went for a stroll, pondering what he had confided to me of the puzzle of "L.L."
DR. WATSON! COME IN! I'VE SOLVED THE CASE!
THIS IS A GREAT DAY--FOR I'VE SOLVED TWO MYSTERIES OF THE MOOR AT ONCE!
AH, YOU INTEREST ME, MR. FRANKLIN.
WHAT A LOVELY WOMAN... DO I NOTICE A RESEMBLANCE ABOUT YOUR EYES?
ER, YES... THAT'S MY DAUGHTER, LAURA. SHE MARRIED A DRUNKEN ARTIST NAMED LYONS AGAINST MY WISHES.
WE... HAVEN'T SPOKEN TO EACH OTHER SINCE.
QUICKLY, NOW. UP TO THE ROOF.
THE ROOF...?
SEE FOR YOURSELF! I'VE LOCATED THE HIDEOUT OF THE MADMAN SELDEN!

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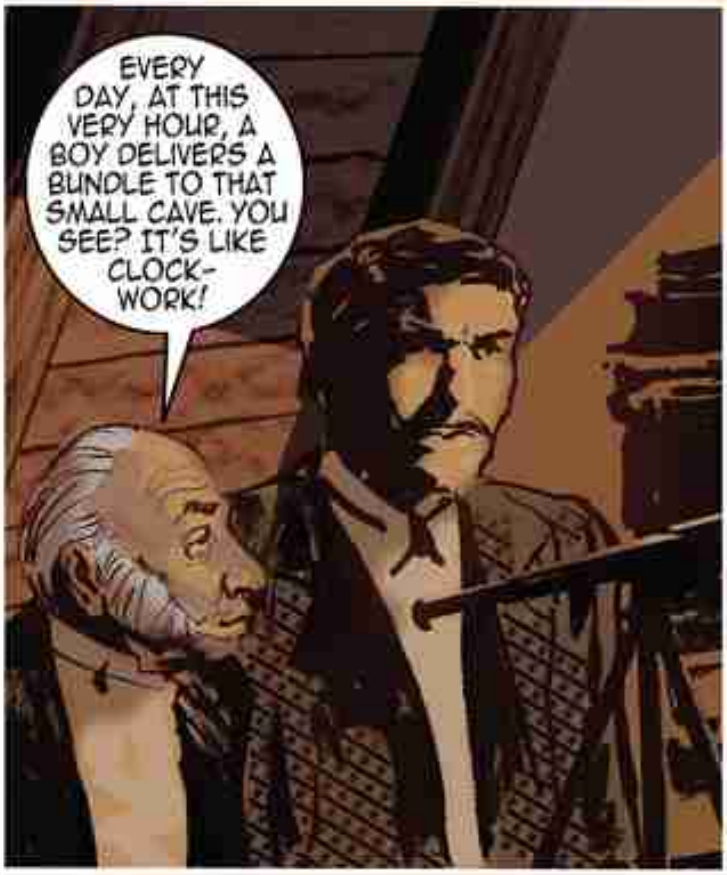
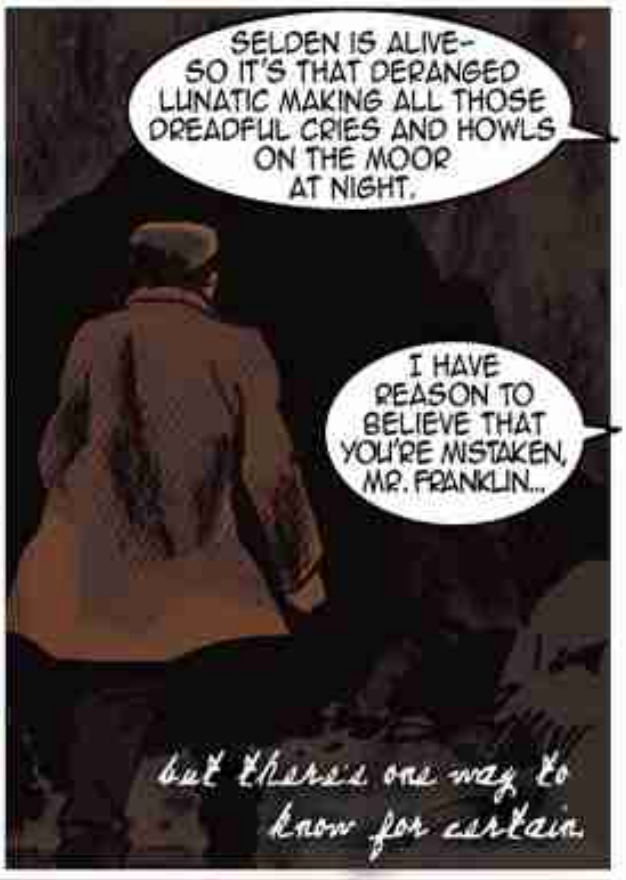
YOU'VE SEEN SELDEN YOURSELF?
WELL, NO... BUT I DISCOVERED WHERE HE'S HIDING. THE POLICE GAVE UP THE SEARCH DAYS AGO, BELIEVING HIM DROWNED IN THE MIRE.




SELDEN IS ALIVE- SO IT'S THAT DERANGED LUNATIC MAKING ALL THOSE DREADFUL CRIES AND HOWLS ON THE MOOR AT NIGHT.
I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT YOU'RE MISTAKEN, MR. FRANKLIN...
but there's one way to know for certain.

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I'VE NEVER BEEN SO GLAD TO SEE ANYONE IN MY LIFE. HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE?
YOUR REPORTS WERE BRILLIANT, OLD FELLOW. I HAD THEM FORWARDED TO ME FROM BAKER STREET.
IT DOES.
EXACTLY THREE HOURS AFTER YOU ARRIVED. THIS IS A VERY DARK CASE, WATSON, AND AS DEADLY AS ANY I'VE EVER INVESTIGATED.
THEN, BY NOW YOU MUST KNOW EVERYTHING THAT HAS ELUDED THE REST OF US. THE HOUND--DOES IT ACTUALLY EXIST?
YES, OF COURSE. WAIT...WAS THAT A HUMAN SCREAM?!
LISTEN... THERE GOES ITS EERIE HOWL AGAIN. I TRUST YOU LEFT SIR HENRY PROPERLY PROTECTED?
IT WAS, INDEED!
QUICKLY, WATSON! THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!

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THERE! THROUGH THE FOG! SEE IT FOR YOURSELF!
THE HOUND!!
I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IT, HOLMES!
THE MONSTER HAS CORNERED SOME POOR DEVIL! HE...HE CAN'T POSSIBLY SURVIVE THAT FALL! WHO COULD IT BE, HOLMES?
I MAY BE MISTAKEN, WATSON...BUT I'M AFRAID I RECOGNIZE THE CLOTHING.
OH NO! SIR HENRY...?!

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NO, WATSON... IT'S SELDEN, THE ESCAPED MURDERER, DRESSED IN SIR HENRY'S CLOTHES.
UNKNOWINGLY, THAT ACT SEALED HIS FATE.
HOLMES, YOU ACT AS IF YOU EXPECTED ALL OF THIS. WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?
BUT, HOLMES... IF IT WASN'T SELDEN, THEN WHO THE DEVIL HAS BEEN BEHIND ALL THIS?
IT MEANS MURDER, WATSON...REFINED, COLD-BLOODED, DELIBERATE MURDER.
THAT WILL SOON BECOME OBVIOUS.
FOR NOW, WE MUST CONCEAL SELDEN'S BODY AND NOT SPEAK A WORD ABOUT THIS INCIDENT TO ANYONE.
MY NET IS CLOSING IN, WATSON, BUT BEWARE. NOW OUR QUARRY WILL BE MORE DANGEROUS THAN EVER.

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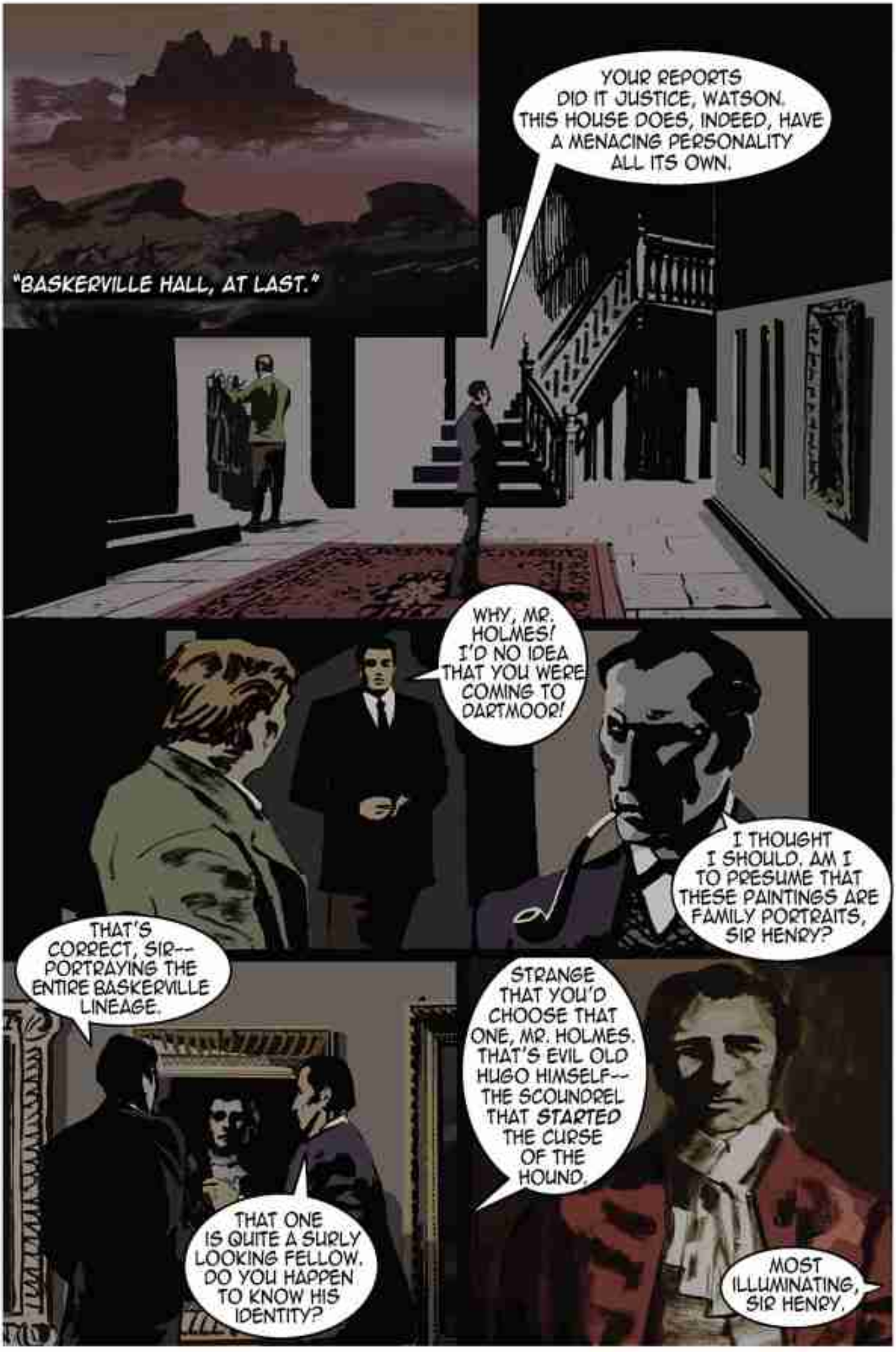
"BASKERVILLE HALL, AT LAST."
YOUR REPORTS DID IT JUSTICE, WATSON. THIS HOUSE DOES, INDEED, HAVE A MENACING PERSONALITY ALL ITS OWN.
WHY, MR. HOLMES! I'D NO IDEA THAT YOU WERE COMING TO DARTMOOR!
I THOUGHT I SHOULD. AM I TO PRESUME THAT THESE PAINTINGS ARE FAMILY PORTRAITS, SIR HENRY?
THAT'S CORRECT, SIR-- PORTRAYING THE ENTIRE BASKERVILLE LINEAGE.
THAT ONE IS QUITE A SURLY LOOKING FELLOW. DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW HIS IDENTITY?
STRANGE THAT YOU'D CHOOSE THAT ONE, MR. HOLMES. THAT'S EVIL OLD HUGO HIMSELF-- THE SCOUNDREL THAT STARTED THE CURSE OF THE HOUND.
MOST ILLUMINATING, SIR HENRY.

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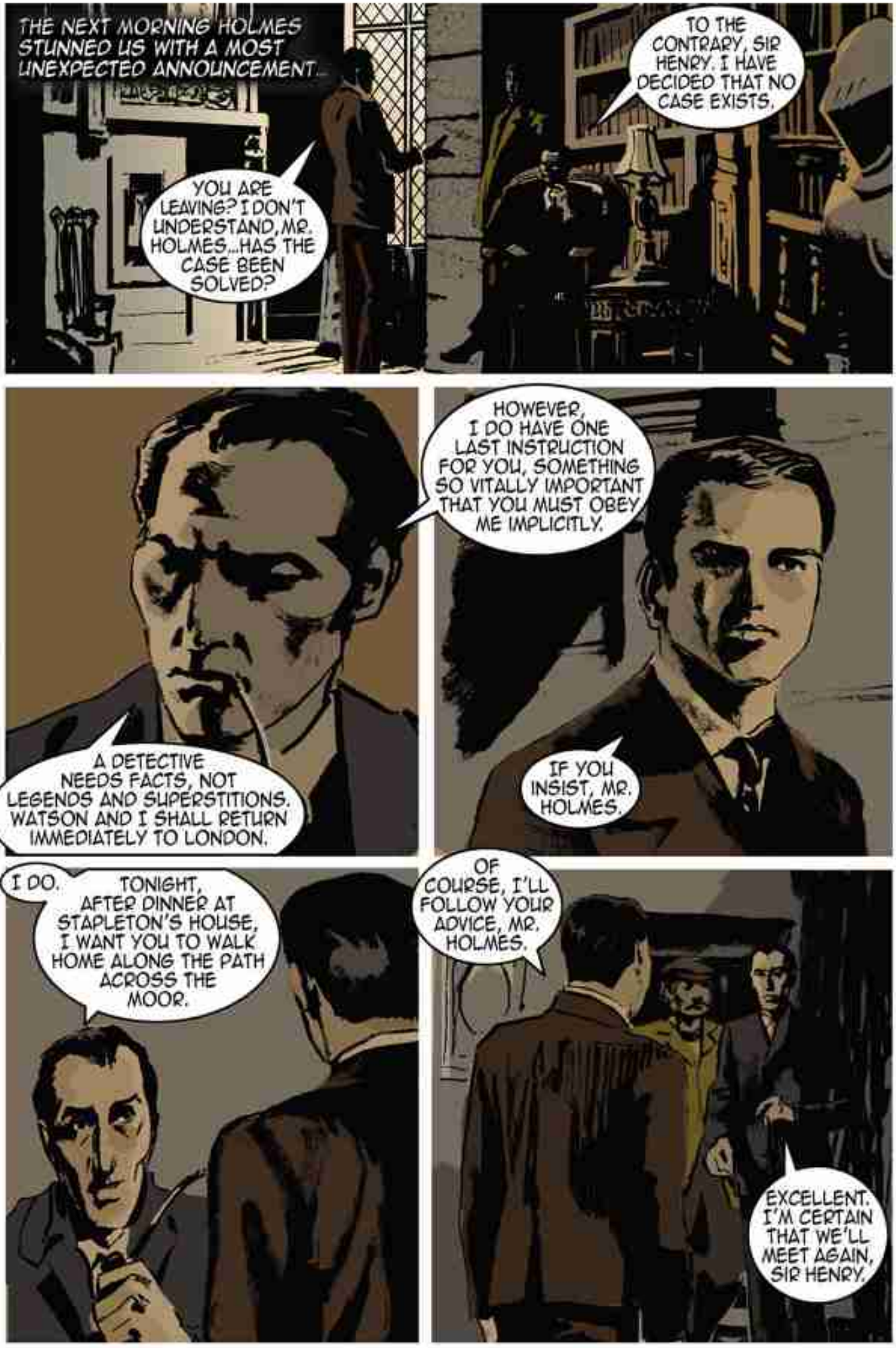
THE NEXT MORNING HOLMES STUNNED US WITH A MOST UNEXPECTED ANNOUNCEMENT...
YOU ARE LEAVING? I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MR. HOLMES...HAS THE CASE BEEN SOLVED?
TO THE CONTRARY, SIR HENRY. I HAVE DECIDED THAT NO CASE EXISTS.
A DETECTIVE NEEDS FACTS, NOT LEGENDS AND SUPERSTITIONS. WATSON AND I SHALL RETURN IMMEDIATELY TO LONDON.
HOWEVER, I DO HAVE ONE LAST INSTRUCTION FOR YOU, SOMETHING SO VITALLY IMPORTANT THAT YOU MUST OBEY ME IMPLICITLY.
IF YOU INSIST, MR. HOLMES.
I DO.
TONIGHT, AFTER DINNER AT STAPLETON'S HOUSE, I WANT YOU TO WALK HOME ALONG THE PATH ACROSS THE MOOR.
OF COURSE, I'LL FOLLOW YOUR ADVICE, MR. HOLMES.
EXCELLENT. I'M CERTAIN THAT WE'LL MEET AGAIN, SIR HENRY.

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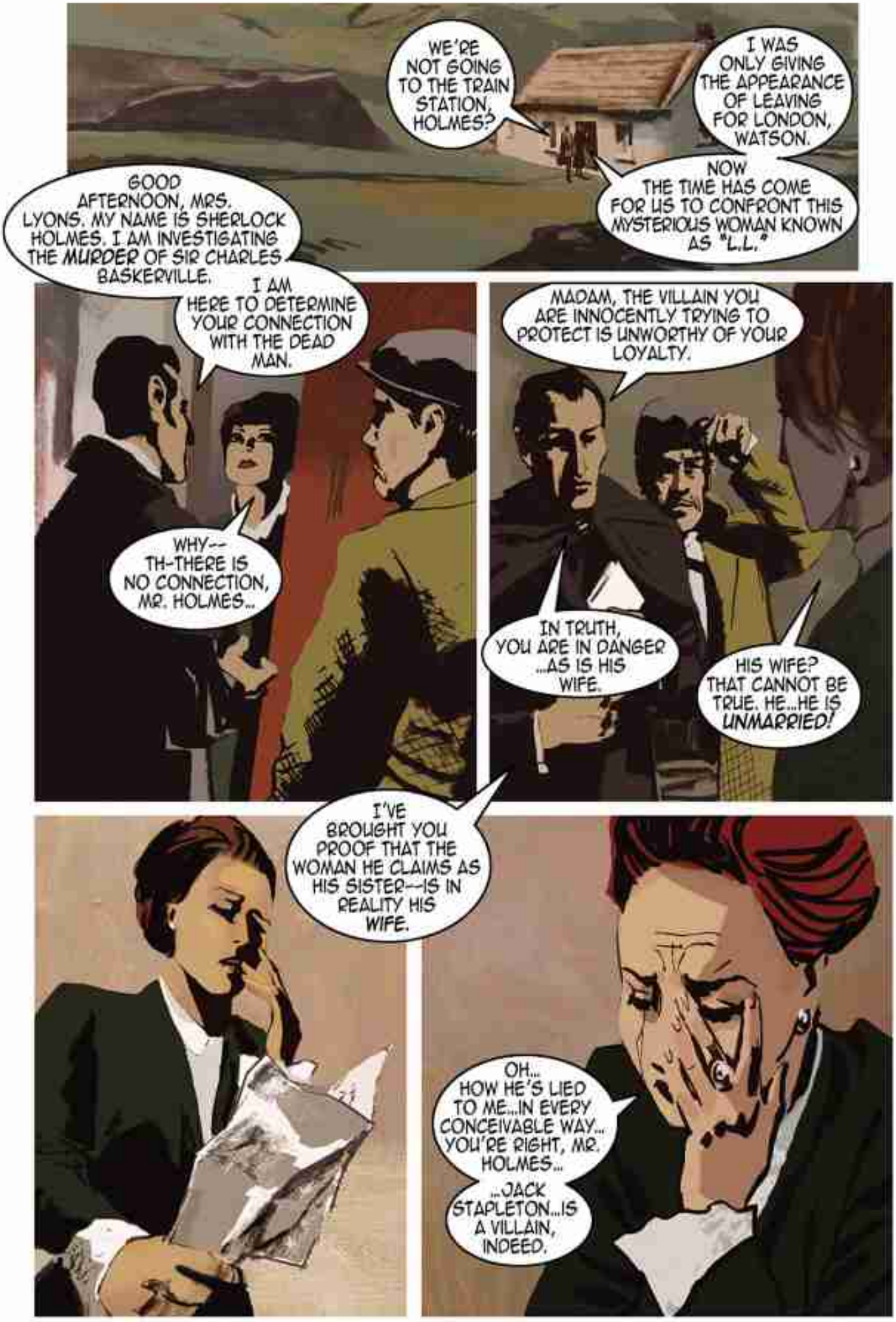
WE'RE NOT GOING TO THE TRAIN STATION, HOLMES?
I WAS ONLY GIVING THE APPEARANCE OF LEAVING FOR LONDON, WATSON.
NOW THE TIME HAS COME FOR US TO CONFRONT THIS MYSTERIOUS WOMAN KNOWN AS "L.L."
GOOD AFTERNOON, MRS. LYONS. MY NAME IS SHERLOCK HOLMES. I AM INVESTIGATING THE MURDER OF SIR CHARLES BASKERVILLE.
I AM HERE TO DETERMINE YOUR CONNECTION WITH THE DEAD MAN.
WHY-- TH-THERE IS NO CONNECTION, MR. HOLMES...
MADAM, THE VILLAIN YOU ARE INNOCENTLY TRYING TO PROTECT IS UNWORTHY OF YOUR LOYALTY.
IN TRUTH, YOU ARE IN DANGER ...AS IS HIS WIFE.
HIS WIFE? THAT CANNOT BE TRUE. HE...HE IS UNMARRIED!
I'VE BROUGHT YOU PROOF THAT THE WOMAN HE CLAIMS AS HIS SISTER--IS IN REALITY HIS WIFE.
OH... HOW HE'S LIED TO ME...IN EVERY CONCEIVABLE WAY... YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. HOLMES...
...JACK STAPLETON...IS A VILLAIN, INDEED.

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THANK YOU FOR A PLEASANT EVENING, STAPLETON.
PLEASE TELL YOUR SISTER I HOPE SHE'S FEELING BETTER...AND THAT I MISSED HER DURING DINNER.
YOU'LL SEE EACH OTHER PLENTY AFTER YOUR WEDDING.
VERY NASTY FOG TONIGHT. BE SURE TO STAY ON THE TRAIL.
FAREWELL ...SIR HENRY.
"THERE HE IS, WATSON."
WE MUST KEEP SIR HENRY IN SIGHT AT ALL TIMES.
NOW GET READY...IT'S COMING.

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"HOLMES, WHY DON'T WE SIMPLY HAVE STAPLETON ARRESTED?"
"BECAUSE WE HAVEN'T MORE THAN A SHADOW OF A CASE AGAINST HIM. HE'S BEEN VERY CLEVER.
"NO, WATSON...WE MUST CATCH HIM RED HANDED."
S-STAPLETON? IS THAT YOU...?
I...I DON'T BELIEVE IT.
IT'S REAL.
THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES!

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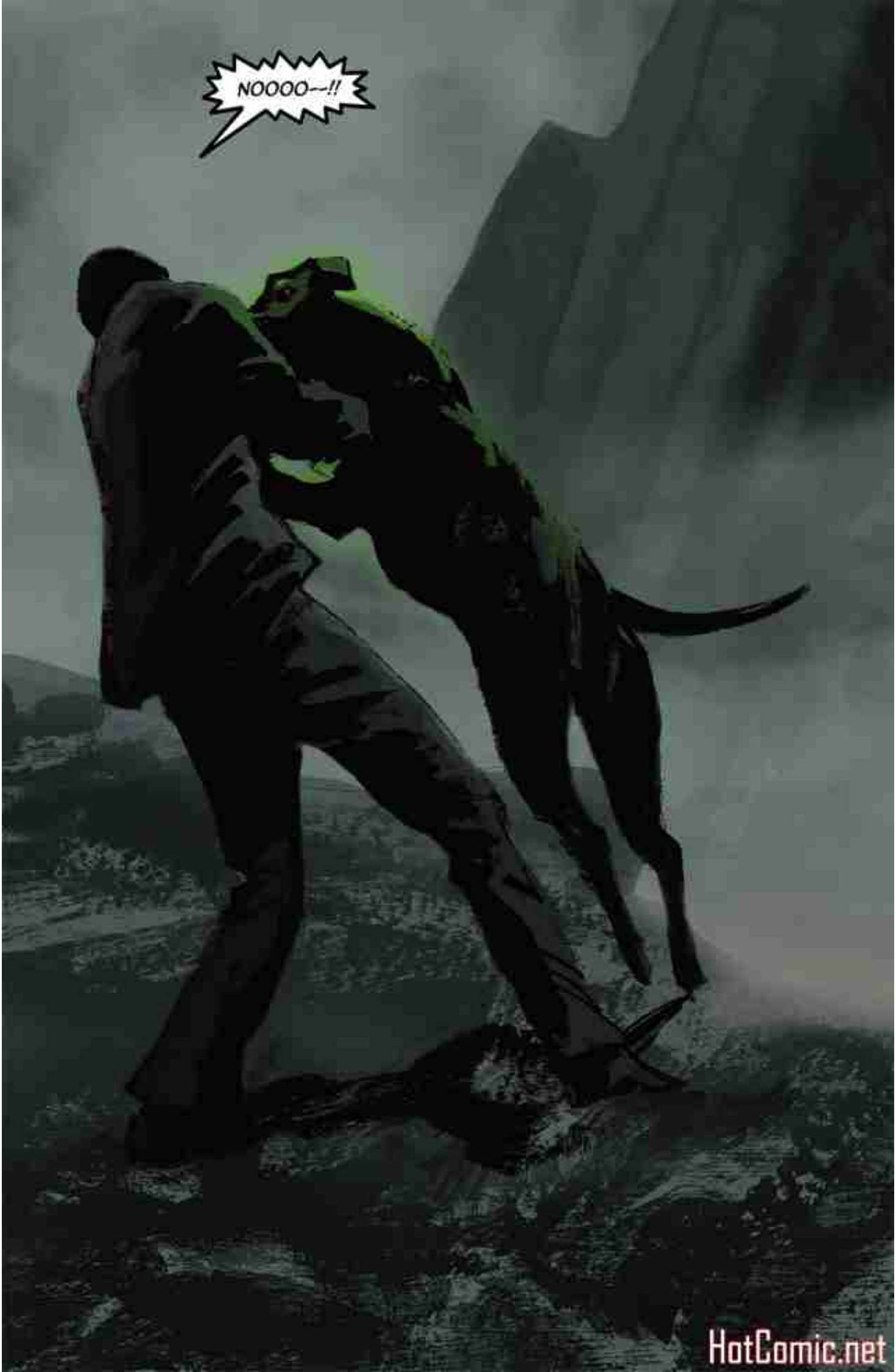

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MERELY A VERY LARGE AND SAVAGE DOG, CLEVERLY TREATED WITH PHOSPHOROUS TO ACHIEVE A GHOSTLY EFFECT.
COME, WATSON-- THE GAME IS AFOOT!
LISTEN! A SOUND COMING FROM THE CELLAR...
HOLMES! IT'S BERYL STAPLETON!

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WHAT A BRUTE, HOLMES! STAPLETON IS EVEN A THREAT TO HIS OWN WIFE!
SHE'S BEEN RESTRAINED SO SIR HENRY COULDN'T BE WARNED. CAREFUL, WATSON...SHE'S BADLY HURT...
-YOU--YOU'RE SHERLOCK HOLMES?! THANK HEAVEN!
PLEASE... TELL ME SIR HENRY IS SAFE...
SEE FOR YOURSELF, MRS. STAPLETON.
SIR HENRY, I ASSURE YOU THAT LADY IS INNOCENT OF ALL WRONGDOING. EVEN WHEN YOU WERE STRANGERS SHE MADE A SECRET TRIP TO LONDON, AT GREAT RISK TO HERSELF, TO WARN YOU WITH THAT NOTE TO KEEP AWAY FROM THE MOORS.
STAY WITH THEM, WATSON...

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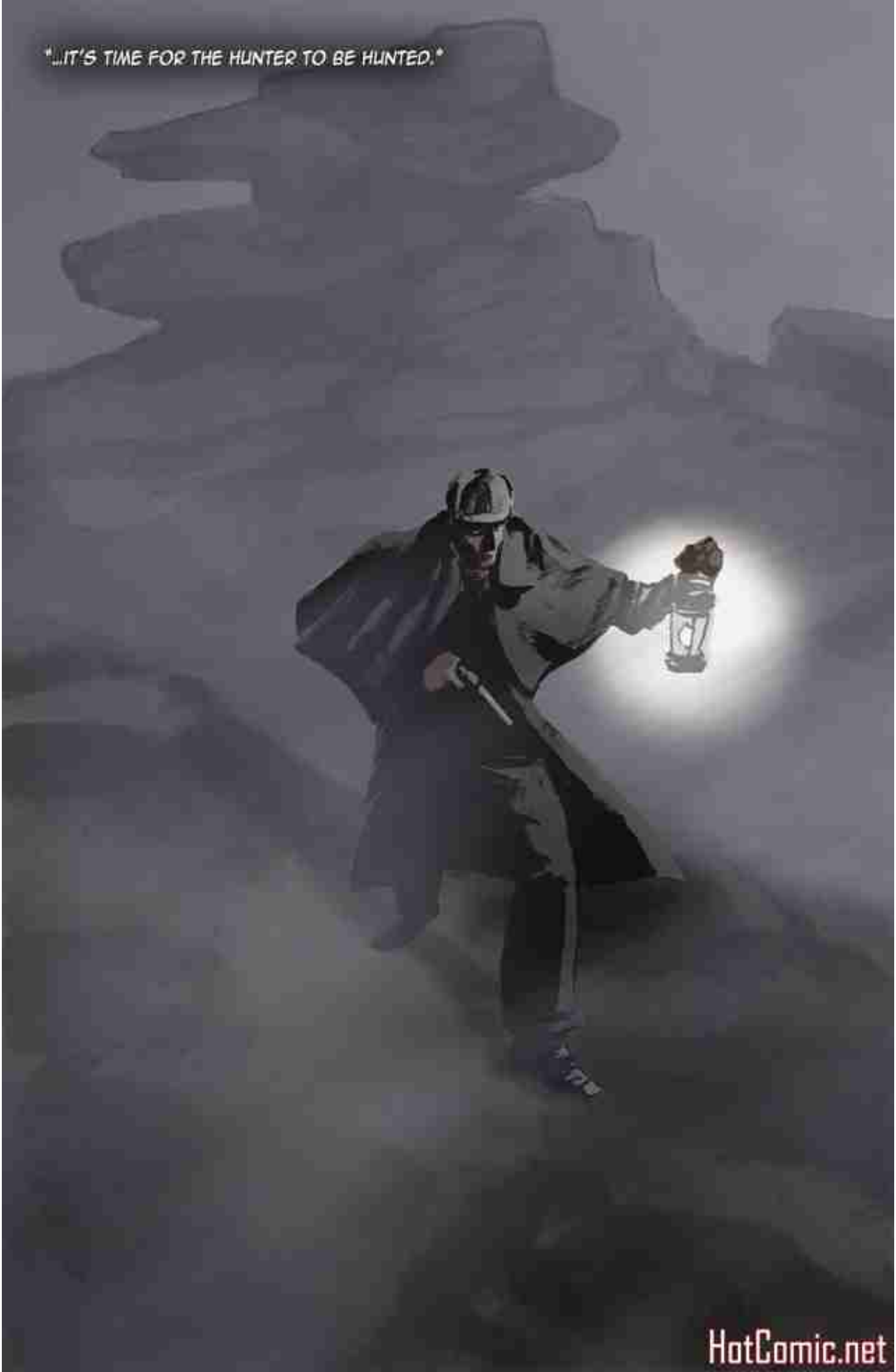

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D-DON'T... DON'T LET ME DIE LIKE THIS...
IT'S BETTER THAN YOU DESERVE.
STOP PANICKING. YOU'RE SLIPPING FROM MY GRIP.
I ADMIT THE DEED! DO YOU HEAR? I CONFESS EVERYTHING!
STAPLETON-!
I DARESAY YOUR DEATH SHALL NOT WEIGH VERY HEAVILY UPON MY CONSCIENCE.

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MY MISSING BOOT! WHERE DID YOU FIND IT?
I DISCOVERED IT IN A CAVE WHERE STAPLETON SECURED THE KILLER HOUND, SIR HENRY. IT WAS NECESSARY FOR HIM TO HAVE SOMETHING WITH YOUR SCENT.
SO, THAT'S WHY THE BEAST WENT AFTER SELDON...HE WAS WEARING MY DISCARDED SUIT!
QUITE SO.
WHEN YOUR BOOT WAS STOLEN AT THE HOTEL, I IMMEDIATELY KNEW THAT WE FACED A VERY REAL MENACE, NOT MERELY A FANCIFUL FAMILY GHOST.
STAPLETON EVEN DISGUISED HIMSELF IN LONDON WITH A FALSE BEARD, SO-IN CASE HE WAS SPOTTED-WE MIGHT LATER SUSPECT BARRYMORE, YOUR BUTLER.

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YOU DESERVE YOUR REPUTATION, MR. HOLMES...
BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT DID STAPLETON HAVE AGAINST ME AND MY UNCLE? WHAT COULD HE HOPE TO GAIN?
ELEMENTARY, SIR HENRY.
OBSERVE.
WHY-THAT PORTRAIT OF HUGO IS THE VERY IMAGE OF STAPLETON!

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CLEARLY, SIR HENRY WASN'T THE SOLE REMAINING HEIR TO THE BASKERVILLE FORTUNE, AFTER ALL.
THIS STAPLETON, AS HE CALLED HIMSELF, WAS CERTAINLY AS BRILLIANT AS HE WAS DIABOLICAL.
TRULY, WATSON. NEVER BEFORE HAVE I MET A FOE MORE WORTHY OF MY STEEL.
AS FOR THE MURDEROUS LEGEND OF THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES...
...WE HAVE PUT THAT TO REST FOREVER.

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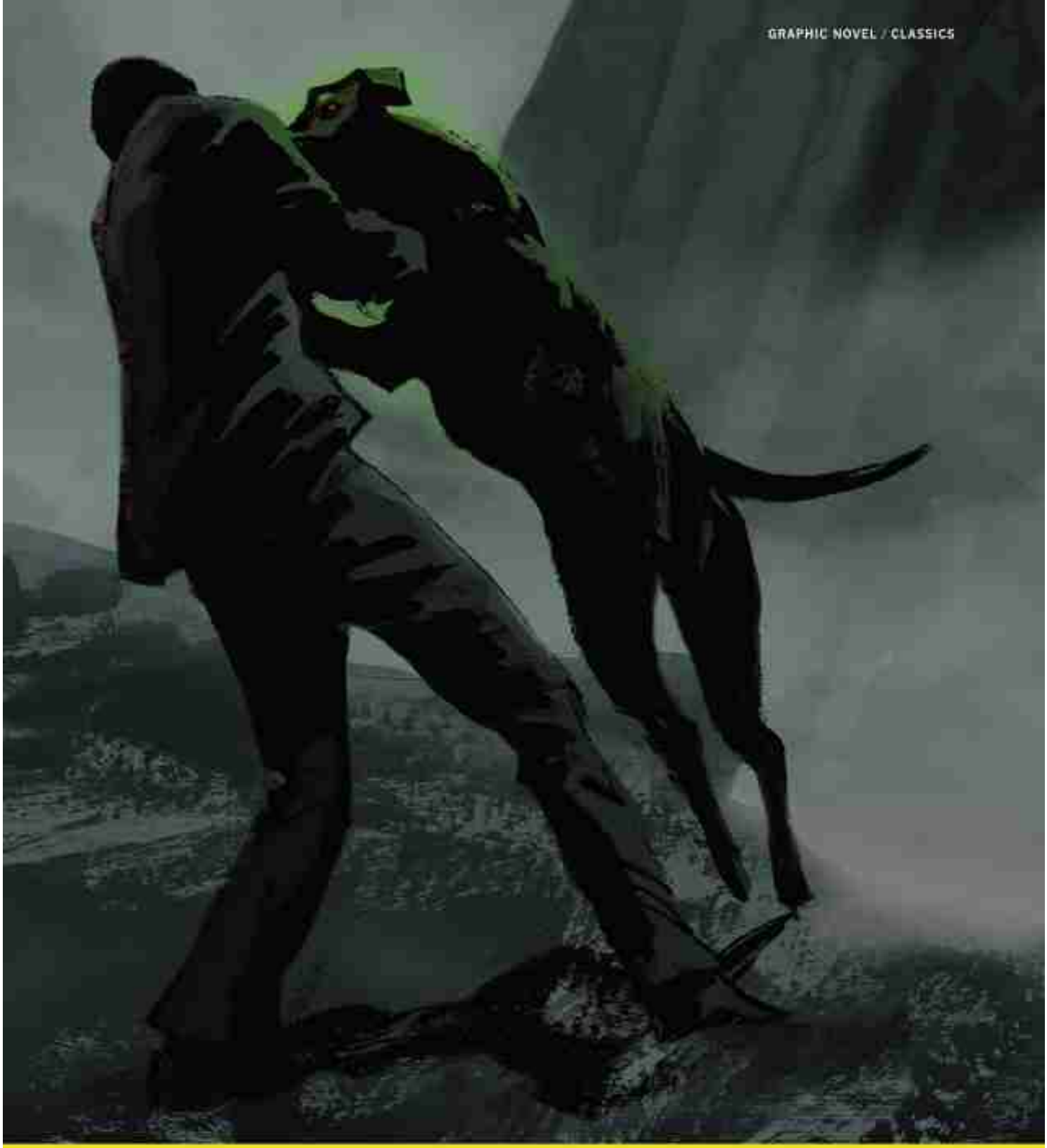

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